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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY TAKING HIS DAILY DRIVE IN THE PARK AT CHARLOTTENBURG.
FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When Solomon said that there was no new thing under the sun, it is now understood that he was generalising a little too hastily; and even in his own time it is probable that David, who was a poet, disputed that dictum of his son. As time goes on, however, it is certainly more difficult for bards to be original, and when they are so, they deserve the greater credit. In a little volume, modestly called a "Book of Verses," Mr. W. C. Henley has taken for his subject, what Solomon never dreamt of—hospital life; and has treated it with a poetic vigour, and a power of graphic description, that not even genius, unassisted by sad experience, could bestow. His verses are realistic, though he never gives way to temptations which M. Zola would have found irresistible. We are spared nothing: the waiting-room, the theatre (where, alas! no comedies are enacted), the ward, the dead-house, are all described; yet the general effect is anything but morbid. On the contrary, there is an atmosphere, if not of wholesomeness, of healing, about the scenes described, and an assurance of all being done that can be done to mitigate unhappy fate, which consoles and almost cheers the reader. These poems should be read before the sermon on Hospital Sunday, for they present most vividly the blessings, though in sombre guise, which we are asked to purchase for poor humanity. The whole experience of the patient is described, from the moment when the hospital (a Scotch one, by-the-way) "grey, quiet, old," first looms before his feverish eyes, and "through the loud spaciousness and draughty gloom" he limps into the audience chamber, till he is carried out, cured, or on the road to cure, once more "into the wind and the sunshine, into the beautiful world." There is nothing disagreeable in his impressions, such as a less discerning and delicate touch would sicken us with, but also no rosewater. It might be Crabbe himself who paints for us:—

These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean—half workhouse and half jail.

The waiting-room, "a square, squab room (a cellar on promotion), Drab to the soul"; the ward, whose "gaunt brown walls look infinite in their decent meanness," whose atmosphere suggests "the haunt of some ghostly druggist"; and where the inmates lie as "in training for shroud and coffin." We are told what "waiting for the knife" means—for the patient; and all about "the thick sweet mystery of chloroform," but in no morbid spirit.

My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you, I am ready.
But, gentlemen, my porters, life is brittle;
You carry Caesar and his fortunes—steady!

The staff nurse (old style) is admirably described; her—

Experienced ease
And antique liveliness and ponderous grace;
The sweet old roses of her sunken face;
The depth and malice of her sly gray eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flutters, scolds, defies.
These thirty years has she been nursing here,
Much is she worth, and even more is made of her;
They say "the Chief" himself is half afraid of her.

The "Lady Probationer" is also good; and "the Chief" and the "House Surgeon." What a strange world it seems to us outsiders!—more like a nightmare dream than actual life, and yet so true! When it is over, though it is all intensely interesting too, we feel the same sort of joy at coming out of those grim but hospitable doors—where those within are "cruel only to be kind"—as the patient himself:—

Oh, the wonder, the spell of the streets!
The clatter and strength of the horses,
The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels!
The smell of the mud in my nostrils
Is brave like the smell of the sea.

Sudden a spire
Wedged in the mist! Oh the houses,
The long lines of lofty grey houses,
Cross hatched with shadow and light,
These are the streets
Each is an avenue leading
Whither I will.
Free
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

There are good poems on other subjects in the little volume, but the unique attraction and charm of it lie in these descriptions of that hospital life, with which a horse's hoof, or the turn of a cab wheel, may make any one of us only too well acquainted to-morrow.

The sensitive plant has inspired the most beautiful poem that was ever addressed to a flower; otherwise, it has not hitherto been much thought of: but every dog—and dog-rose—has its day, and it is now the turn of the *Mimosa pudica* for being appreciated. A particular variety of it being exhibited in Vienna which claims to foretell storms and earthquakes for forty-eight hours in advance of their occurrence, and this circumstance has naturally attracted public attention to it. It is very seldom that Botany gets a hearing. A certain professor of my acquaintance, of whom, as of Whewell, it could have been said that "Science was his forte, and Omniscience his weakness," once observed: "I am not a conceited man, but I'm hanged if I don't know everything except botany." He thought it beneath his attention; but it now appears that the sensitive plant at least is very noteworthy. Sir Hans Sloane mentions a variety of it which he calls "sensible grass," on which a "puff of wind from your mouth," or, in other words, talking to it, "will make an impression." Man, we are told, is grass, but not often so sensible as this; you may talk to him for a month without effecting anything of the kind. In Central America the sensitive plant grows to some height, and "when approached salutes those who retire under its shade"; but under the veil of politeness it also plays the eavesdropper, and "inclines its leaves to those who converse near it." This is not the only example of one who is very delicate and impressionable being also exceedingly mean. A well-informed correspondent of an evening paper cites the case of an S. P. so acutely sensitive that "being carried about for some time in the carriage of a French *savant* its susceptibility was quite destroyed"; but that I should think would happen to almost anybody. The Vienna plant would, of course, be most appreciated where earthquakes were ordinary visitations; in

such places it would be invaluable as a "button-hole" at evening parties. "I am very sorry," one would say to one's hostess, when the entertainment palled; "but my mimosa (which never deceives me) says 'Earthquakes!' You know how easily shocked my poor mother [or whoever it may be] is by little things of that kind; I must be off home."

The International Copyright Bill, which, I am afraid, Congress is not so certain to pass as sanguine people believe, is being already petitioned against in this country. Some of its clauses are certainly objectionable, but it is monstrous to quarrel with an act of justice because it has some drawbacks. The interests of both publishers and printers in England, no doubt, are threatened by it; but when one sees one of their representatives writing to the newspapers to say that English authors will derive no benefit from it, the left eyelid has a tendency to close. No harm can happen to anyone over here unless the American publisher buys the English author's rights in England; and to do that he must bid higher than the publisher in this country. I think the argument upon that line had better not be further pursued. If Literature is to be pitied—and the solicitude upon its account is, I fear, of very recent date—let it be directed into the proper channel. One opponent of the Bill has perceived this, and implores our Legislature to preserve the fount of English undefiled from the introduction of American spelling. American editions of English books will, he says, flood the country, "spelling 'defence' with an 's' and 'theatre,' 'theater.'" This will be very shocking—to the publisher (who has always felt so keenly upon that subject); but I venture to think there will be advantages, in other directions, which will mitigate the matter to the English author.

A gentleman has been complaining to the papers because a young lady (not his wife) was debarred access to the railway platform from which he was "taking his departure for an indefinite period." The wicket-keeper (usurping the office of the bowler) "blocked" her. She appealed to him with tears and tender reproaches—"What? may I not say one word of farewell to my dear one, before he goes to"—South America, or perhaps only Scuthend. But he merely replied, "Show your ticket, Miss." She had nothing to show except her obvious affection for one unknown to him, and that was of no avail. A common scene, no doubt, enough (indeed, as the official might have pleaded in his turn, "If everyone is to be let in as wants to say 'Good-bye,' what would be the good of our bye-laws?") but one which has never been described, that I am aware of, by the poet. The nearest approach to it is to be found in Moore. The Peri, in that case too, is on the wrong side of the wicket, and offers all sorts of ridiculous bribes to be let in; but the janitor is equally firm, until she produces (if I remember right) the tear of some penitent criminal. The young lady at the railway station never thought of this (or, perhaps, had not such a thing in her possession); if her own tears failed to move the man, she naturally enough distrusted the effect of anyone else's tears. If I had been in her place I should have tried a shilling; but my mind, as the reviewers tell me, is prosaic. If she objected, on principle, to bribery, she might for the shilling have bought a railway ticket to the next station, and got into her Eden that way. Perhaps the poor maiden did not possess a shilling, in which case I pity her very much. But I confess I don't pity her young man. The preference of our 'Arries for making love in public, on Bank holidays and similar occasions, instead of selecting some secluded spot, has lately been severely and justly commented upon. And surely the same objection is to be urged against leavetakings at railway stations. Why should we exhibit the tenderest emotions of the human heart to the lamp-cleaner, the foot-warmer porter, and the newsboy! Are there not places more suitable for farewells than the platform? Is not the refreshment-room available, or, if melancholy surroundings are essential, is there not the waiting-room? Nay, if you insist upon saying "good-bye" after leaving home (which I still venture to think is the proper place for it), is there not the four-wheeled cab: "breathe on the windows," and, as I am assured (for I protest I never tried it), a temporary seclusion is obtained scarcely inferior to that afforded by blinds.

The "Lady and the Page" is a very pretty poem, but the relations between these personages are not always of a poetic character. I have even heard ladies, who are not given to denounce servants as the "greatest plague of life," express themselves with exceptional vigour against pages. "Alphonse," in his bright buttons, handing bread-and-butter on a silver salver and looking as if the butter would not melt in his mouth, is said to be a very different being outside the drawing-room door. That he confers gentility upon his employer at a cheap rate, so far as wages go, is true enough; but he costs, I am told, "a mint of money" in breakages, and is far more ornamental than useful. The ladies in the Southern States of America, it seems, have, however, found a use for him as an attendant on their tricycle rides. It would be more humane, one would think, to take him up behind, where he also might be of assistance in getting up the hills, but in this case, we are told, the diminutive menial "would be brought into too close proximity either for comfort or appearance." He is allowed, however, to rest one hand upon the machine, which enables him to keep up with its fair driver. Six or seven miles or so, out and in, is thought nothing of by an active page—in the Southern States. (Alphonse of London, who is sometimes very fat, might, however, think differently.) When making calls or shopping, the lady leaves the tricycle in charge of the youth, who apparently resists the temptation (so strong in boyhood) of making off with it. Perhaps the locality in which this fashion has taken root may suggest something in it akin to slavery; but in our own country running footmen were once common enough, and over the bad roads of old used to make much better travelling than the carriage-horses they preceded. In still more ancient times, the

runner was very highly esteemed. Philippides, who was sent by the Athenians to Sparta to implore aid against the Persians, "devoured the ground," as his compatriots expressed it, with such voracity that he accomplished 157 miles in two days. Fuchidas, who was sent for the holy fire to Delphos, beat this record, by going and returning the 125 miles in one day. There were no stop-watches, however, in those days, and one rather mistrusts the accuracy of the reports of these matches against time. The best running of a foot-page is recorded of Addas. He ran seventy-five miles in the twenty-four hours: for what purpose I forget: perhaps he was running away from a mistress who kept a tricycle.

The poor literary folk are just now, as usual, being held up to public reprobation for their extravagance in expenditure, and for inadequately insuring their lives. There is no more fertile theme for the moralist to expatiate upon. "These writing fellows are surely not so thoughtless," he says, "as not to be aware that they must die." They are quite aware of that; but also, unfortunately, that they are liable to fall ill, or grow old, in which case they may have no money to pay their premiums. This is a reflection which does not occur to the moralist, who has generally a good balance at his bankers', but it is one that the author must needs take into consideration. As for extravagance, there is nothing so easy to "live up to" (as the æsthetic people call it) as a small income, which is what most authors have to make shift with. The gentleman who has been making it his business to inquire into the private affairs of the professors of literature is so shocked at their disinclination to look the future in the face that one cannot help having a suspicion that he is connected with Life Insurance by stronger bonds than those of sentiment. He shows not the least desire to pay our premiums. A sermon was once preached in a country village for the benefit of certain farmers who had suffered heavily from incendiary fires. A well-dressed stranger in answer to an eloquent appeal to his benevolence dropped into the collection-box, what the preacher fondly hoped was a cheque for a large amount. It was, however, only a piece of valuable advice—"Let them insure as they wish to be saved." It is needless to add what was his calling. The improvidence of journalists, critics, and reviewers in this matter is, we read, even greater than that of authors. The New York Press Club "is called upon with increasing frequency to stand the expense of burying impecunious journalists." The poor are always willing to help the poor; sometimes they are even eager for it. Nothing would give me greater pleasure—I mean, so far as my humble means will admit I shall be always happy to subscribe towards burying a critic.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BERLIN.

Our last week's Paper contained an account of the marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Emperor of Germany, and grandson of our Queen, to his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and of our lamented Princess Alice. This marriage took place in the chapel of the Royal Palace of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, on Thursday, May 24, in the presence of the Emperor Frederick and the Empress Victoria, the Empress Augusta, the Grand Duke of Hesse, father of the bride, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Greece, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia and his Grand Duchess, and many German Princes and Princesses.

The chapel, in which the nuptial rites were solemnly performed by the Rev. Dr. Kögel, Court Chaplain, and the assistant clergy of the Lutheran Established Church, has been described on a former occasion. It adjoins the apartments of the palace inhabited by the Emperor and Empress, and is a chamber adorned in *rococo* style, with a small altar at one end, placed immediately below the pulpit. The chairs had been removed, and the floor was covered with rich carpets. At each side of the altar, upon which stood a crucifix and two burning candles, the recesses in the wall were filled with roses of various hues peeping out from a bed of green. The congregation was limited to those who had been honoured with official invitations. The Imperial family, with their princely guests, met in the Blue Saloon, and the ladies and gentlemen attending the bride and bridegroom assembled in the Yellow Damask Room.

The civil marriage, preceding the religious ceremony, was performed in the Blue Saloon; the Lord Chief Chamberlain, Count Zu Stolberg-Wernigerode, acting, in his character of Minister of the Royal House, as Registrar, to fulfil the requirements of the State. This ceremony was accompanied by an act of peculiar significance: the Royal Princess's Crown had been fetched by officials of the Crown Treasury, and was brought to the Empress, who placed this emblem of Royalty on to the head of the bride, Princess Irene being conducted to the Royal presence by the Grand Mistress of the Robes, Princess Von Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg. The bride and bridegroom, with the Emperor and Empress and all the Princes and Princesses, and the Court officials, walked in procession through the apartments to the chapel.

The Court Chaplain received the illustrious pair at the chapel door and conducted them to the altar, where Prince Henry stood at the side of his bride, whilst their illustrious relatives stood in a semi-circle round them, the Empress and the Grand Duke of Hesse being on the extreme right, next to the altar. Her Imperial Majesty wore a magnificent pearl-grey silk dress, with a diadem of brilliants, and held a bouquet of pale blue orchids and white roses. The bride wore a white, low-bodied dress, with long white satin train and a magnificent lace veil, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The prevailing colours of the ladies' dresses were white and mauve. The Emperor was dressed in full General's uniform, wearing the insignia of the Hessian Ludwig's Order, the collar of the Garter, and the chains of the Black Eagle and Hohenzollern Orders. The wedding service comprised hymns and prayers, a sermon, and the singing of a chorale previous to the bride and bridegroom exchanging their vows and rings at the altar, in which the German custom was observed. Three volleys of artillery were fired in the park at the conclusion of this solemn act. It was followed by the wedding breakfast, in the Trompeter-saal of the Palace; and, at two o'clock, the newly-married couple left Charlottenburg for Erdmannsdorf, in Silesia.

The Emperor walked erect and firmly as he entered the chapel, and rose without difficulty at the usual points of the service: he was not disturbed by coughing. His Majesty has continued, in fine weather, to enjoy his daily drives in the park at Charlottenburg, and has more than once driven into Berlin. It is expected that he will soon remove to Potsdam, his favourite country residence; and that he will afterwards go to Homburg for the rest of the summer.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"L'homme propose; mais Dieu dispose." No doubt the new Lyceum programme looked very well on paper, but it may be very much doubted whether the friends and patrons of this famous theatre will endorse the managerial policy that follows the graceful, tearful "Amber Heart" with the outrageous, incomprehensible, and wholly uninteresting "Robert Macaire." We shall be told that both have been successfully performed at morning performances. So they have. The "Amber Heart" was originally produced at a *matinée*, and, owing to the fantastic acting of Miss Ellen Terry, created a very favourable impression; but an audience of artistic friends and general wellwishers is one thing and an audience of miscellaneous growth is quite another. There are scores of plays that pass muster in the morning that would be considered uncommonly thin and weak at night. Again, with "Robert Macaire." On special occasions, and with such a favourite as Mr. J. L. Toole allied to Mr. Irving as the Sancho Panza and Don Quixote of extravagant fun, there may be no objection to "Robert Macaire"; but put it on at night, as an attraction, and a very different result may be found. It is the same with all these sudden and *à propos* entertainments. Suppose, for instance, such a performance as the actors and actresses' versions of "The Critic" or of "High Life Below Stairs" or of "The First Night" were submitted to an ordinary audience at night, what power on earth could keep back the showers of disappointed hisses with which they would be greeted? There is no such unpardonable sin in the eyes of the London playgoer as extravagance and absurdity, and as the Lyceum version of our old friend Macaire depends almost entirely on those qualities, it was not so very surprising that certain somewhat disagreeable sounds should be heard even in the famous Lyceum. It was not so much the acting that was objected to—for that was fair enough so far as it went—but this mixture of farce and melodrama, of serious business and abject folly, was found to be so silly and puerile that people could only stand it by exercising an unusual spirit of charity and kindness. In the first place, what on earth do the majority of English playgoers know about Robert Macaire, or of the existence of Frédéric Lemaître? If it be a joke at all, it is a French joke, not an English one. They may have read in old books or memoirs how, adopting the same spirit, Sothern, when he was cast for Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," obtained permission to do what he liked with the part. In the original version of Tom Taylor's play Lord Dundreary was the ordinary conventional stage fop. Sothern knew he could do nothing with the part, so he worked it up on the negro serenader and minstrel model, introduced the jokes of the variety show, and gradually turned a serious drama into a comic play. Asa Trenchard and the drunken old Murcott were soon eclipsed, and Sothern's Dundreary became the talk and the admiration of the town. Frédéric Lemaître did almost precisely the same thing with an old French melodrama, "L'Auberge des Adrets," that he did not fancy. The character given him, Robert Macaire, was not to his taste, so he chaffed the whole thing, and made the people roar with laughter. Given the whole play, even this might be intelligible to an English audience; but cut it down, take the meaning away, and reduce the elaborate nonsense to two acts, and who can possibly make head or tail of it all?

Mr. Henry Irving is probably as good a Robert Macaire as has been seen in modern times. He is alert, graceful, neat in his business, and ingenious. The patch of blood over the face when Robert Macaire is shot was a mistake; in the first place because English audiences do not care for these touches of ghastly realism, and in the second place because no one in the house accepted the play as serious in any degree whatever. A farce ending with an instant of tragedy was to the majority absolutely incomprehensible. In the year 1835, on the site of the existing Lyceum Theatre, Frédéric Lemaître played the character of Robert Macaire in French; but made far more success in "Trente Ans dans la Vie d'un Joueur"—a celebrated melodrama well known to transpontine audiences as "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life." Fechter produced an admirable version also at the Lyceum during his memorable management, and had the assistance of Harry Widdicombe as Jacques Strop, one of the best the English stage has ever seen; but one of the earliest Robert Macaires in English was Frederic Yates.

It is a far pleasanter task to turn to the acting of Miss Ellen Terry in "The Amber Heart," a performance that makes the critic despair of conveying the full effect of this lovely inspiration. It seemed as if this enchanting actress had suddenly been transformed into her own ideal of all that is best and sweetest in womanhood. She became poetry embodied and sentiment enshrined. Her every movement was grace, her every voice-throb harrowing, her every accent music. There was not one discordant note in this strange and indescribable artistic reverie. It is a simple little tale of a girl born without a heart, or rather a maiden possessed of a charm that, whilst denying her most of the true pleasures of existence, saves her from the saddest agony to which humanity is liable. The passionless girl is contrasted with the broken-hearted woman—for, alas! Ellaline throws her amulet away. The spell is broken, and she knows a time of love, neglect, of disappointment and despair. Never was more human or natural grief shown on any stage than by Miss Terry in this character of the forsaken Ellaline. There was not a fibre of the sympathetic heart that she did not pierce; there was not a wailing note of despair that she did not touch. No stage grief here, no simulated tears, no pumped-up emotion! It was not acting. We saw the woman, and we heard her misery. Nothing more lovely has ever been seen than this ideal Ellaline; nothing more beautiful has ever been heard than her rhapsody in the minor key. The question is, whether Mr. Calmoun quite persuades us of the truth of his own fable? We like Ellaline less when she holds her amulet safe than when she has lost it, for she is more human in her love than in her apathy. We find here that the poet was right when he said, "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"; and we appreciate the truth of the sentiment when Ellaline is most unhappy "that the sorrows' crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Mr. Augustin Daly's version of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew"—as the poet wrote the play, and containing the original "induction," with the quaint character of Christopher Sly, probably taken from life and sketched from some Warwickshire toper—is emphatically a thing to be seen. It will be a grave scandal if the Gaiety Theatre is not full during the visit of these admirable American comedians, who now show us what they have learned in the art of stage arrangement since Mr. Irving's first visit to their country some years back. There are very few playgoers who have ever seen "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakspeare wrote it, or, rather, adapted it from a still older play, "The Taming of a Shrew," that was extant in his day. David Garrick's noisy farce, called "Katharine and Petruchio," with all Shakspeare's comedy cut out, and all the actor's tomfoolery left in, has fairly held the stage since that manager, actor, and poet began mangling the Shakspearean text as ruthlessly as Colley Cibber Charles

Kean played Garrick's version; so did Edwin Booth, when he came to England; so did Henry Irving, when he played Petruchio to the Katharine of Ellen Terry, at the old Queen's Theatre; so has Henry Neville repeatedly. Twice, however, in the memory of the oldest playgoer Shakspeare's play has been given with the "induction" and Christopher Sly. Once was forty-two years ago at the Haymarket, when Benjamin Webster revived the play for the sake of Mrs. Nisbett and Strickland, under the careful direction of the scholar Planché; and, some years later, at Sadler's Wells, during the memorable Shakspearean revivals of Samuel Phelps. Mr. Daly's version of the play is probably the best that has been seen—the most complete, and emphatically the most beautiful. We get the induction and old Christopher Sly, without the necessity of dispensing with appropriate scenery for the play proper: there is no need for the old labels stuck upon curtains, notifying, "This is a palace," "This is a wood," and so on; for some of Mr. Daly's "sets"—notably the Italian banquet scene—are as artistically beautiful as any modern London manager could devise. But it must not be imagined that those who repair to the Gaiety will merely see an elaborate archaeological revival, and be able to decide how far Garrick or the commentators were wrong or right. The performance of Katharine by Miss Ada Rehan is worth going to see, even if the scenery were tawdry, the dresses incorrect, or the text mangled. It is distinguished for its grand style more than for anything else. The woman is drawn with a firm, bold-hand, and there is nothing namby-pamby, mean, or vulgar about her. The modern stage has seen few such glowing pictures representing an ideal Shakspearean heroine. Shakspeare's Katharine has too often been presented as the kind of commonplace vixen who would nag at her neighbours over a suburban garden wall, or "row" her husband over their tea and "creases" in a two-floor back. Miss Rehan takes no such modern view of her heroine. She makes her an imposing creature of remarkable beauty; she shows that she has birth, breeding, and refinement in every lineament; and she thrills her audience with high-strung nervous energy. Such acting as this comes at the right time. Our stage is getting cramped; our theatrical style requires enlargement. We have been painting miniatures too long, and it would be well if some of our actors and actresses would take up a larger canvas and a broader brush. The audience seemed just startled at Miss Rehan's splendid appearance, and her great waves of petulant emotion, and, doubtless, they said in their hearts, "What refreshing change is this, after all the little niggling art that has been fostered and encouraged so long that it has cramped our English style?" A brilliant actress like Miss Rehan inspires her companions; and Mr. John Drew, hitherto considered a neat and respectable comedian, enlarges and expands as Petruchio by the side of such a Katharine. He shows of what metal he is made, and shakes off the shell of reserve in which modern art encases our best actors and actresses. To see this performance would be no bad lesson. If Mr. Irving taught America what could be done for Shakspeare and poetical plays by studious thought and the elaborated art of stage management, Miss Ada Rehan has in her two recent performances shown our actresses that the trick of underacting has been carried to its lowest limit. This clever lady will give a tone and stimulus to our art that has got lately into a sick, sorry, and depressed state. Many of the young American actors also could give our young men several valuable lessons in the art of elocution and voice production; and the stage management of the play, its movement and variety, is admirable.

Among the many interesting selections at the benefit *matinée* awarded to Mrs. Conover at Drury-Lane Theatre on Monday, June 11, will be a scene from Schiller's "Marie Stuart," acted for the first time by Miss Sophie Eyre and Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill). Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Willard, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Edith Woodworth, will either recite or act on this occasion.

The stage is as often recruited from the Army as from the Universities or Bar. Mr. Collette was a cavalry officer; Mr. Nugent, of the Guards, meditates a theatrical career; but the latest aspirant for stage honours is Mr. James East, late of the 18th Hussars, who has been engaged to play the part of the young naval officer in the duel scene of "Mr. Barnes of New York" at the Olympic. Mr. East has already played the part in the provinces, and has now made a success in London.

Kindly, genial Mrs. Chippendale has soon followed her husband to the grave. She had only given up acting for a few days, thinking that she required a little rest; but her illness became serious, and she died peacefully, and with little pain, last Saturday. It was in 1863 that this lady, as Miss Snowden, made her first appearance at the Haymarket as Mrs. Malaprop, and ever since then was looked upon as the ideal representative of the buxom lady and the city Madam of old comedy.

The Italian Exhibition was particularly gay on Saturday, May 26, when the Second Battalion of the Tower Hamlets Engineers, some six hundred strong, were reviewed in the Colosseum Grounds by their Honorary Colonel, Colonel North, and were afterwards entertained at dinner by the gallant Colonel, to whose good health they cheerily drank at the instigation of Colonel Sir A. Kirby. The scarlet-coated Volunteers at dusk added to the brightness of the lamp-lit pleasure gardens of the Italian Exhibition, which is growing increasingly attractive.

The Epsom Summer Meeting opened on May 29, when the principal race of the day was for the Woodcote Stakes, won by Prince Soltykoff's Gold; Mr. F. Lawson's Gervas carrying off the Epsom Plate; Mr. L. De Rothschild's Eros, the Rammore Two-year-old Stakes; Mr. W. Blake's Nora, the Egmont Plate, and Mr. G. Moore's Kunnitz, the Ashted Plate.—On the Derby Day the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present. The Duke of Portland's Ayrshire won the Derby; Mr. Vyner's Strawberry being second, and Mr. Rose's Van Dieman's Land third.

The Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital is sorely in need of help. Centrally situated as it is near Charing-cross, the most accessible part of the metropolis, and at the very gate of clubdom, one would naturally imagine it should be well supported, but this is far from being the case. Although there is no lack of patients, a constant stream of about 8000 annually benefiting by the noble work which the hospital has continued to perform in an unostentatious manner for upwards of seventy years, yet, strange to say, funds are urgently required to maintain beds for in-patients. Out of fifty beds only twenty-two can, at present be maintained from this cause, and daily many are excluded whom it would be an extreme blessing to admit for treatment. The patients relieved are the poorest of the poor. They come from all parts, not only of London and the country, but from our Colonies as well, to have operations performed. Contributions, especially annual subscriptions, will be gladly received by the bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, or by Mr. T. Beattie-Campbell, Secretary, at the Hospital, King William-street, Strand.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

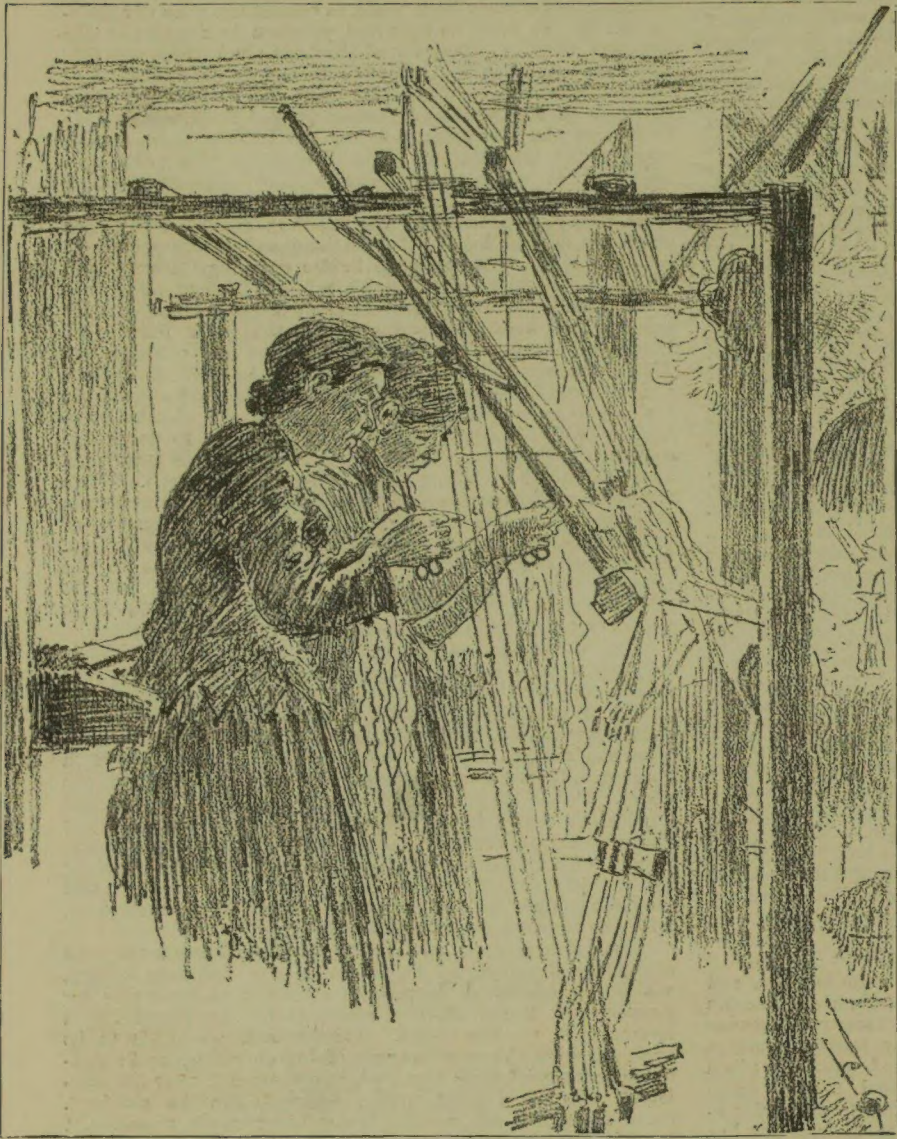
The report of the War Office Committee on the fortifications of our military ports and commercial harbours, after noticing those of Portsmouth and Plymouth, to the former of which reference has already been made, in connection with our Illustration of the forts at Spithead, proceeds to remark, on the defences of the Thames and Medway: "A comparatively moderate expenditure in addition to the existing works will render these rivers practically safe against attack. The entrance to the Medway is barred by two forts, which have been hitherto of great service, but which now require considerable modification. The defence at this point also requires the addition of some modern armour-piercing guns, to engage an ironclad before it can approach the forts. Any ship entering the Medway must pass within short range, and looking to the long and tortuous channel which a ship has to traverse before reaching Chatham, and which lends itself to submarine mining defence, we do not think that any further fortifications beyond those already existing are urgently necessary for the river defence of Chatham. A vessel passing by Sheerness and entering the Thames would find her progress barred by Cliff, Coalhouse, and Shornmead Forts. One of these requires much alteration; and the defence at this point also requires the addition at a higher level of some armour-piercing guns, to cover the approach to the forts. The old forts at Tilbury and Gravesend above this point it is not thought necessary to touch. When the above works have been completed, and the mine-fields are protected by the necessary quick-firing guns, the passage of the Thames will be practically secure against an enemy's fleet. But in making this remark the Committee rely also on the establishment of an active defence by the Navy, for the evidence is very strong that the presence of torpedo-boats would materially add to the security of the Thames."

Two of the large guns mounted at Coalhouse Fort, which is the largest and probably the most important of the defensive works upon the Thames, are being removed to Chatham for H.M.S. *Téméraire*, and will for a time form part of that vessel's armament. They are, however, not of the latest pattern, and will be replaced, both on the fortification and on shipboard, by weapons of superior character so soon as they are ready. Orders for new guns have practically been in abeyance during the recent investigations, but the War Office is now using strenuous efforts to make up lost ground. In the meantime, pressing demands for stores and war material are coming in from all directions, consequent on the late excitement, and strenuous efforts are being used to comply, in the first place, with the requirements of the Royal Navy.

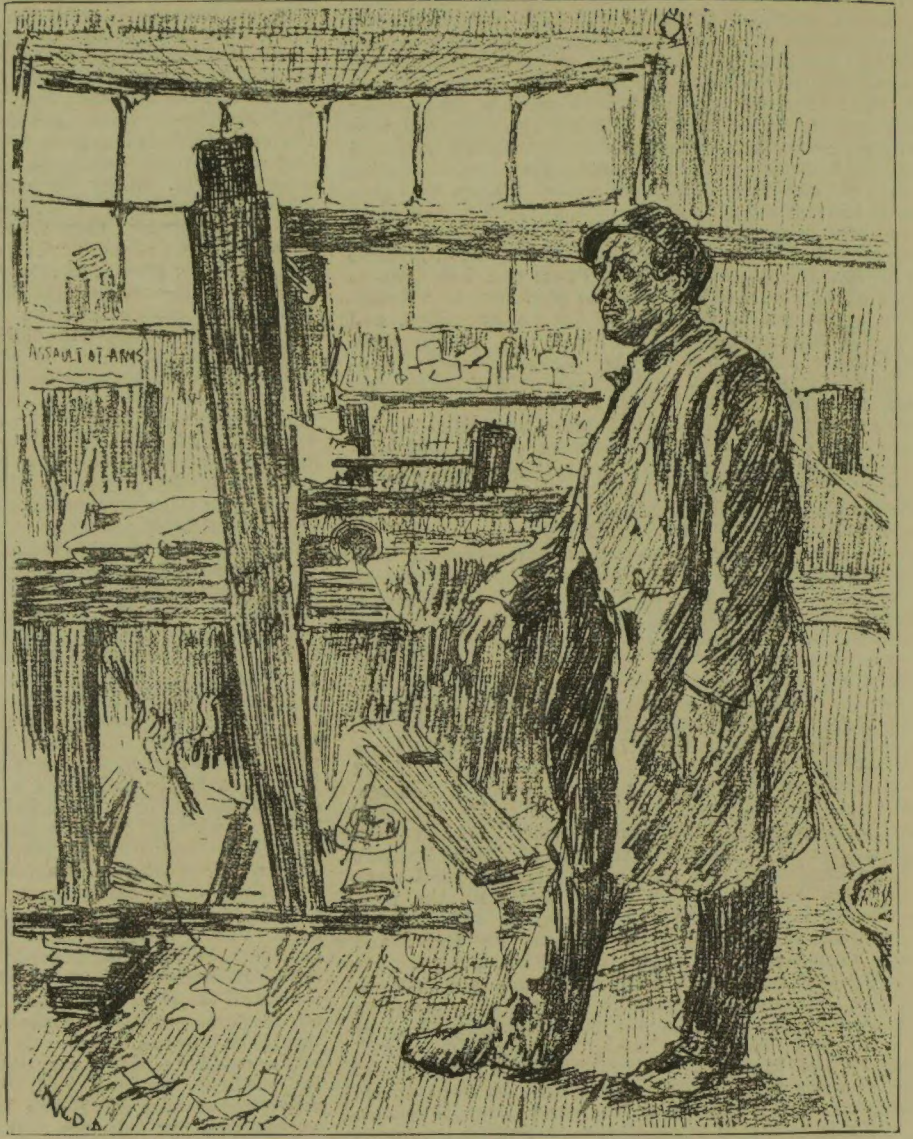
The defences at the entrance to the River Thames are to be strengthened shortly by the addition of a new gun battery, which the Admiralty propose to construct at Sheerness for seamen and Royal Marines stationed at the Royal Naval Barracks to practise from. The battery, which is to be equipped with the newest types of breech-loading and quick-firing guns, will, it is expected, be constructed near the rifle-butts, whence a good range seaward can be obtained. Some important improvements are being made upon No. 1 bastion for the mounting of new 6 in. steel breech-loading guns, which possess a long range, and will materially strengthen the defences of Sheerness. The new works on the centre bastion are also ready for the mounting of the two new 30-ton breech-loading guns, which are being manufactured at Woolwich Arsenal with all possible dispatch. An armoured shield is to be erected on the top of the Garrison Point Fort, for the protection of the staff using the range instruments.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

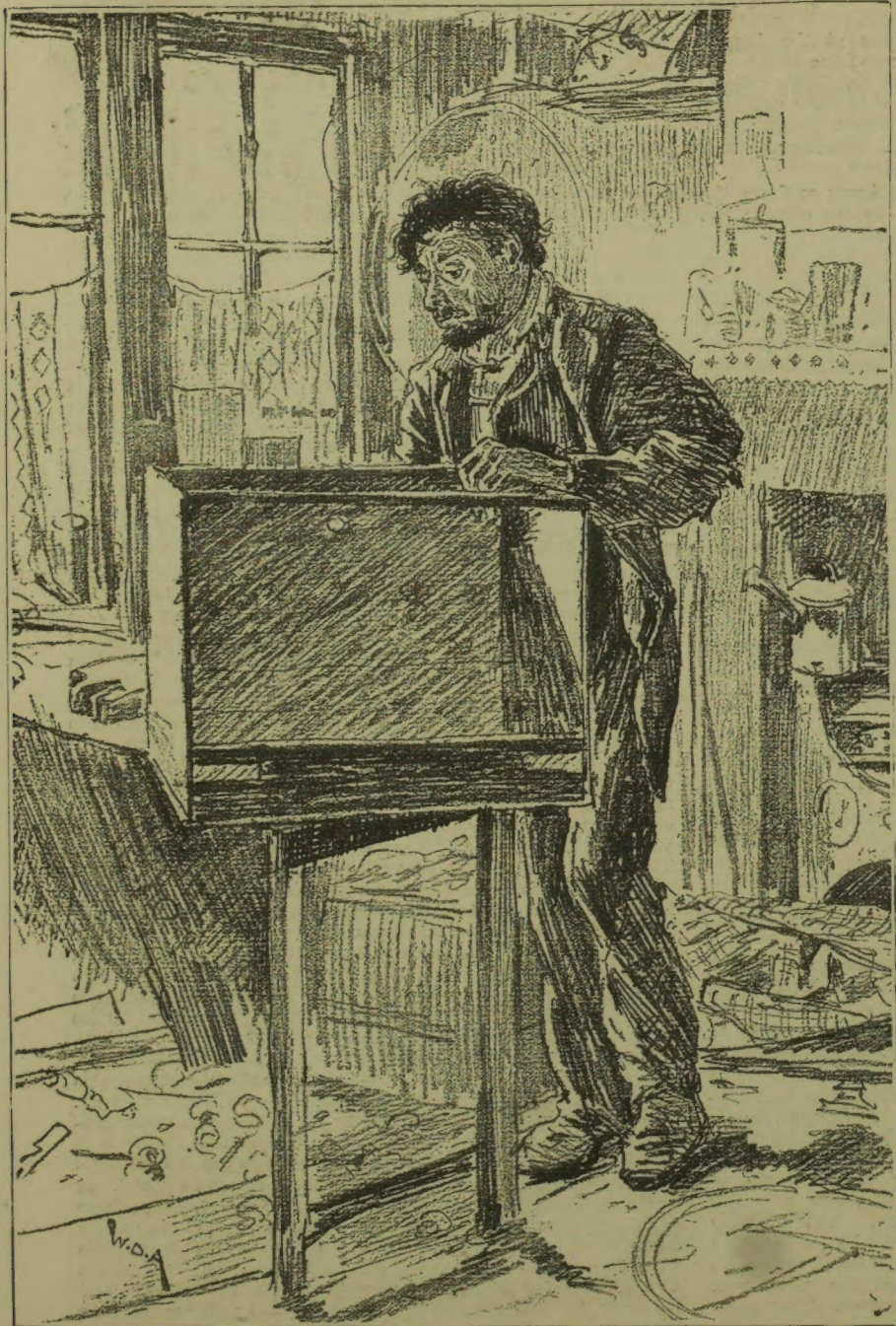
Our Artist has personally visited many of the poor people in London working for miserable pay under the "middlemen" and sub-contractors, who injuriously monopolise large fields of handicraft industry, often intercepting so much as half the sums paid for the work by the manufacturing tradesmen at whose orders it is undertaken—which is the essential principle of "the sweating system." The whole subject is now being thoroughly examined by the Committee of the House of Lords, which will probably be able to present a Report upon it before the end of this Session of Parliament. It is difficult to forecast any legislative proposals for the remedy of the acknowledged evil; but suggestions have been made that the industrial "middlemen" should be required to take out a license, and to conduct their business under official regulation and inspection, in cases which cannot be brought under the existing Factories' and Workshops' Acts. This measure, however, could only avail to prevent the unwholesome conditions and the unduly protracted hours of labour, in machine-rooms where the women or girls are occupied in sewing and in other kinds of work; it could not secure them a better rate of wages. They would certainly be much more fairly paid if they were employed directly by the respectable firms that want to get the work done, in factories erected for the purpose; and it is probable that, in many instances, the work might thus be done at less cost than at present, in a superior style, and without risk of failures, mistakes, or delays. The "middleman" system is evidently bad for the real employers, as well as for the employed, and it is the prime cause of many faults in the workmanship, quality, and condition of various London-made goods, of which customers at home and abroad frequently complain. This pernicious effect is most apparent in the ready-made clothing, boot and shoe making, and some branches of the furniture trades; but the most enormous community of shopkeepers in the world calls for a vast multiplicity of wares and diversity of minor handicrafts. The trade connections of various small specialties are not easily discovered. Bird-cage making is one; but we are only informed that, somehow or other, men have to make linnet-cages, finding their own materials, wood and wire, at the price of three shillings and ninepence a dozen, which cannot leave much for the man to live upon; and if he were a linnet, or a London sparrow, he would be much better fed. We suppose the cage is sold for a shilling, and it is very likely that some shrewd sweater gets them made at sixpence apiece, pocketing his twopence-halfpenny for very little trouble. A superior class of cages, worthy to be inhabited by canaries, is furnished by the actual maker for seven shillings a dozen. Chair-making, in a great variety of styles, is equally unremunerative to the toiling hands, while this business is equally profitable to the ingenious go-between who knows where the wholesale buyers and dealers are to be found. A chair is made for one shilling and fourpence, or perhaps eightpence. The weaver of hair-sieves, used in many households, can produce sixteen or eighteen of these articles in a day. We understand that the prices given to them are two shillings a dozen, for sieves ten inches square; two and sixpence, for one measuring twelve inches; and, beyond that size, for every inch, sixpence a dozen extra. This cutting-down, or "sweating," is the craft of the ubiquitous middleman; and the common reproach against ordinary purchasers, that they are to blame for unreasonably insisting on extreme cheapness, is not altogether true as an explanation of the wretched condition of some of the working classes in London.



HAIR-SIEVE WEAVING.



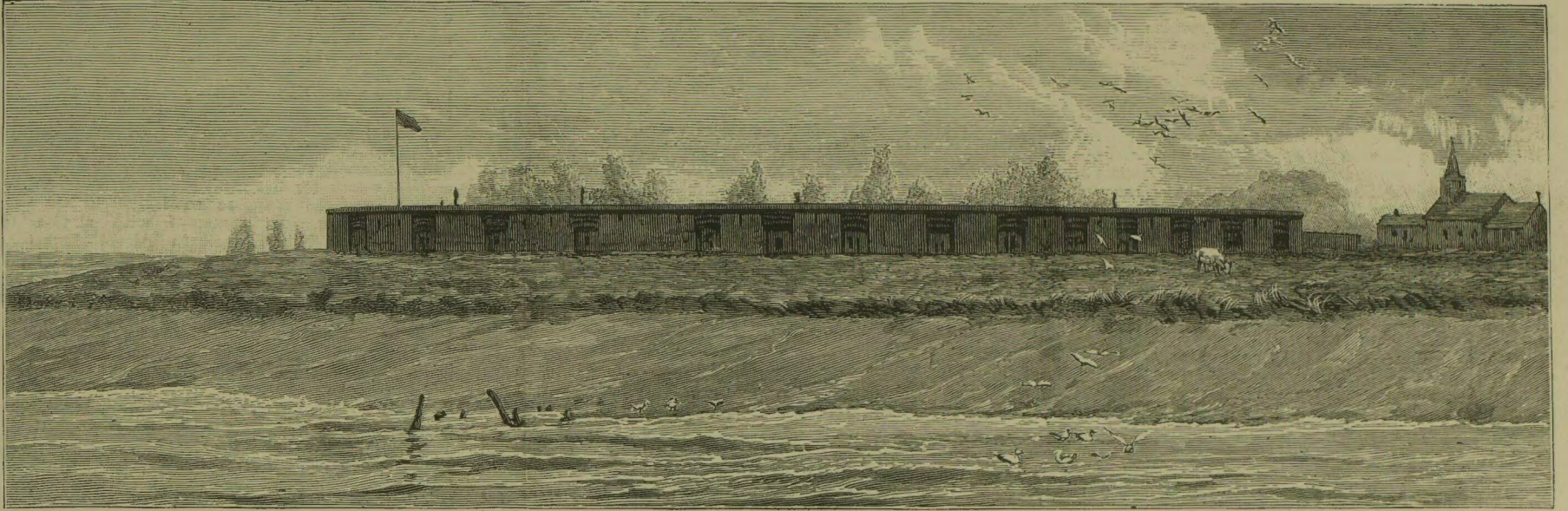
A MATCH-BOX MAKER OUT OF WORK.



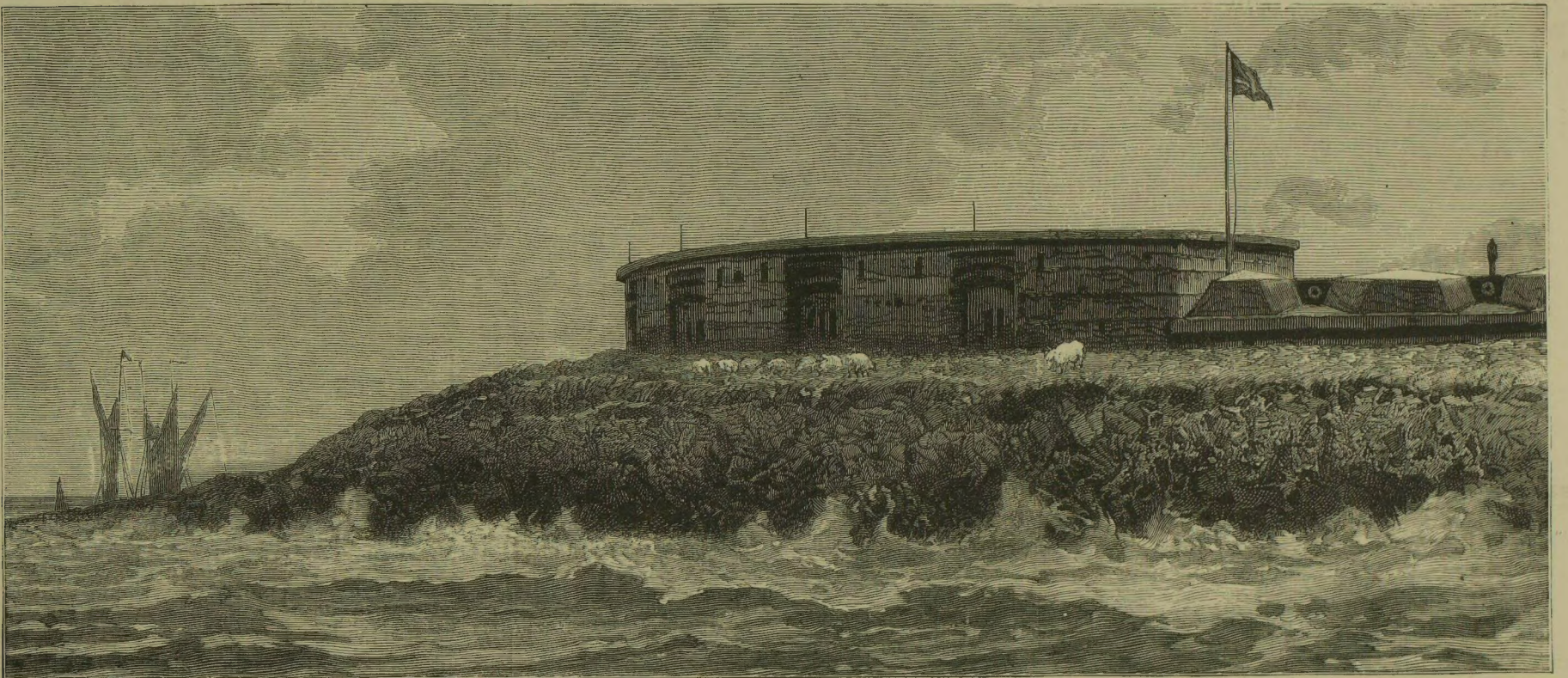
BIRD-CAGE MAKING.



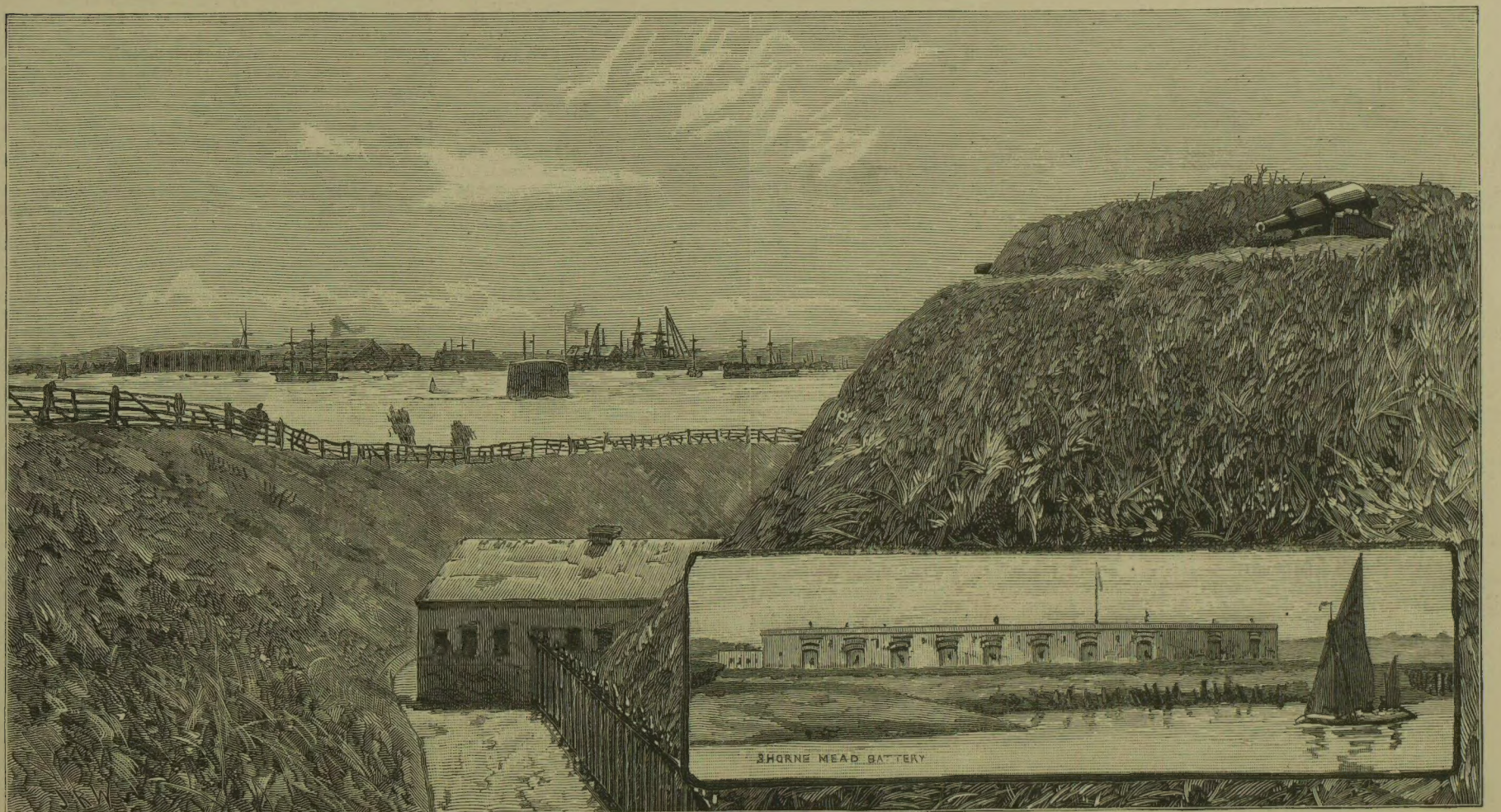
CHAIR-MAKING.



COALHOUSE FORT.



CLIFF CREEK BATTERY.



GRAIN FORT, SHOWING GARRISON POINT FORT AND MARTELLO TOWER.

OUR COAST DEFENCES: THE FORTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES AND MEDWAY.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN CRADOCK-HARTOPP, BART.

Sir John William Cradock-Hartopp, fourth Baronet of Freathby, in the county of Leicester, died at Bournemouth on May 25. He was born in 1829, the eldest son of Sir William Edmund Cradock-Hartopp, third Baronet, by Jane Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Bloomfield Keane, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father in 1864. He entered the Army in 1851, and served with the 17th Lancers in the Crimea, but retired from the service, as Captain, in 1856. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Warwickshire, a Justice of the Peace for Surrey, and Lieutenant-Colonel Warwickshire Rifle Volunteers. He married, Aug. 14, 1855, Charlotte Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Giles Howard, nephew of Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, and leaves four sons and five daughters. His eldest son, now Sir Charles Edward Cradock-Hartopp, born in 1858, is Lieutenant 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and served in the Egyptian Campaign 1882 (medal with clasp and bronze star).

SIR ROBERT LODER, BART.

Sir Robert Loder, first Baronet, of Whitlebury, in the county of Northampton, and of High Beeches, in the county of Sussex, died at his residence, Beach House, Worthing, from a paralytic stroke, on May 27. He was born, Aug. 7, 1823, the eldest son of Mr. Giles Loder, of Wilsford, in the county of Wilts, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Higginbotham, and was created a Baronet, July 27, 1887. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Sussex, and a Justice of the Peace for Northampton, and served the office of High Sheriff for the latter county in 1877. The deceased Baronet sat as M.P. for Shoreham, as a Conservative, from 1880 to 1885, when he retired. He married, March 25, 1847, Maria Georgiana, fourth daughter of Mr. Hans Busk, and granddaughter of Sir Wadsworth Busk, Attorney-General of the Isle of Man, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, now Sir Edmund Giles Loder, second Baronet, who married, in 1876, Marion, youngest daughter of Mr. William Egerton Hubbard, of Leonardslee, Horsham, and has issue.

SIR CHARLES KORTRIGHT.

Sir Charles Edward Keith Kortright, late her Majesty's Consul in Pennsylvania, died at his residence, 2, Grosvenor-crescent, on May 19. He was born at Saint Croix, in the West Indies, in 1813, the eldest son of the late Mr. Cornelius Kortright, of Hylands, Essex, and Mount Pleasant, in the island of St. Croix, and was educated at the University of Copenhagen. He was Consul at Carthage and New Granada, 1844 to 1857; acted as French Consul there, 1851 to 1856 (for which he was twice thanked by the French Government, and offered the cross of the Legion of Honour, which the Foreign Office did not permit him to accept); Consul for the State of Pennsylvania, 1857 to 1871, and for the States of Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin, 1871 to 1876; and Hon. Commissioner to the British Section of the Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876. He retired on a pension in 1878, and received the honour of Knighthood in 1886. Sir Charles married, in 1862, Martha Ellen, only daughter of the late Mr. John Richardson, Governor of the Bank of North America.

COLONEL LEITH.

Colonel John Macdonald Leith, C.B., late of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, died at Gibraltar, on May 22. He was born Dec. 26, 1835, the youngest son of Sir Alexander Leith, third Baronet, by Jemima, his wife, second daughter of Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan, of Ross, in the county of Dumbarton, and brother of Sir George Leith-Buchanan, present Baronet. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and entered the Army in 1854; became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1878, and Colonel in 1882. He served with the 79th Highlanders in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-5, including the battle of Balaklava, siege and fall of Sebastopol, and expedition to Kertch and Yenikale (medal with two clasps, fifth class Medjidieh, and Turkish medal), and in the Indian Campaign of 1858-9, including the siege and capture of Lucknow (medal with clasp). The deceased Colonel commanded the Cameron Highlanders throughout the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (medal with clasp, third class Medjidieh, and Khedive's Star). He also served with the Nile expedition in 1884-5, and in the Sudan campaign in 1885 (two clasps). For his services he received the thanks of Government and the decoration of C.B. Colonel Leith retired in 1886.

MAJOR GEORGE GRAHAM.

Major George Graham, late Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, died at his residence, Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, on May 20. He was born Sept. 13, 1801, the fourth son of Sir James Graham, first Baronet, of Netherby, by Lady Catherine Stewart, his wife, daughter of John, seventh Earl of Galloway. He was Military Secretary at Bombay 1828 to 1830, Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty 1831 to 1834, and to the Secretary of State for the Home Department 1841 to 1842, and Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages 1838 to 1879. He was formerly Major 1st West India Regiment. He married, in 1836, Maria, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Hasell, of Dalemain, in the county of Cumberland, and leaves one surviving daughter, Florence, married, in 1873, to Mr. Graham Hutchinson, of Balmaghie, in the county of Kirkcudbright.

MR. RAYMOND-BARKER.

Mr. John Raymond Raymond-Barker, of Fairford Park, in the county of Gloucester, died on May 21. He was born March 30, 1801, the eldest son of Mr. Daniel Raymond-Barker, of Fairford Park (whose father, Mr. John Raymond, assumed the surname of Barker), by Sophia Anne, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. John Ives, of Norwich. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford; was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Gloucester, and served the office of High Sheriff for that county in 1854. He married, first, in 1823, Harriot Ives, daughter of Mr. William Bosanquet; and secondly, in 1841, Lady Katherine Moreton, youngest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Ducie.

MR. R. F. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Richard Frederick Fotheringham Campbell, of Craigie House, Ayrshire, M.P. for that county, died at his residence, 17, Cavendish-square, on May 27. He was born, Sept. 30, 1831, the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. James Campbell, of Craigie, by Grace Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of the late General Hay, C.B., and was educated at Rugby. He was Vice-Lieutenant of county Ayr, Lieutenant-Colonel Ayrshire Yeomanry, and formerly Captain 8th Madras Cavalry, in which regiment he served in the Indian Mutiny. The deceased gentleman represented Ayrshire in Parliament since 1880, and sided with the Liberal Unionists. He married, in 1869, Arabella Jane, daughter of Mr. Archibald Argyll Hay, and widow of Mr. Charles Parker Tennent, and had issue.

THE HON. BOWES DALY.

The Hon. Bowes Richard Daly, of Killough Castle, in the county of Tipperary, died in Dublin on May 20, aged seventy-four. He was the fourth son of Mr. James Daly, M.P. for the county of Galway, who was created in 1845 Lord Dunsandle and Clan Conal, by Maria Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and co-heiress of the Right Hon. Sir Skeffington Smyth, Bart., and was brother of Denis, second and present Lord Dunsandle. He was educated at Oxford University (B.A., 1837), was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Tipperary, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1864.

MR. JOSEPH WATSON.

Mr. Joseph Yelloly Watson, F.G.S., of Thorpe Grange, Essex, died on May 18, aged seventy-one. He was the eldest surviving son of Mr. William Watson, of Adderstone House, in the county of Northumberland, by Elizabeth, his wife, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Howard, of St. Osyth, near Colchester. The deceased gentleman, who was a Justice of the Peace for Essex, was formerly an officer in the Tending Volunteers. He married, in 1843, Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr. William Hudson, of Scalerigg House, Cumberland.

MR. FRANCIS BARROW.

Mr. Francis Barrow, for many years Recorder of Rochester, and County Court Judge of Leicester, died at his residence, 3, Phillimore-gardens, on May 13. He was born in 1821, the only son of the late Rev. Francis Barrow, M.A., Vicar of Cranbrook, Kent; was educated at Oxford University, where he graduated B.A. in 1841 and M.A. in 1844, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in the latter year. He was appointed Recorder of Rochester in 1867, and Judge of County Courts, Circuit No. 20, in 1876. Mr. Barrow married, in 1850, Catherine Clara, daughter of the late Admiral Dick, R.N.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Rev. Samuel Ruthven Anderson, M.A., Vicar of Otley and Rural Dean at Harrogate, on May 12, aged fifty-nine.

Mr. Robert Valentine Leach, of Devizes Castle, Wilts., on May 7, at Villa Valentina, Bordighera, Italy, aged eighty-one.

Major-General Edmund Penrose Bingham Turner, late Royal Artillery, on May 15, aged fifty-five.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Macdonald, late 68th Regiment, on May 11, aged eighty-eight.

Surgeon-Major William Carey Colles, formerly Secretary, Bombay Medical Board, aged seventy-one.

Colonel Donald Munro, at his residence, Whitehall, Essex, on May 18, aged fifty-five.

Colonel Arthur Farrer, late 2nd Madras Light Infantry, at Eastbourne, Sussex, on May 18, aged fifty.

The Rev. John George Hodgson, Rector of Saltwood, and Honorary Canon of Canterbury, on May 24, aged seventy-six.

Major-General James Cockburn, formerly of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, at Bracondale, Norwich, on May 24, aged seventy-seven.

Lady Claridge (Mary Pinnock), widow of Sir John Thomas Claridge, formerly Recorder of Penang, and eldest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Scott, of Southampton, on May 17.

The Very Rev. Canon H. Woollett, D.D., V.G., for over thirty years Catholic Chaplain to the Royal Navy at Plymouth, on May 9, aged seventy.

Lady Matilda Anne Montgomery, third daughter of Thomas, fifth Earl of Macclesfield, and widow of Mr. Arthur Hill Montgomery, of Tyrella, in the county of Down, at Winchester, on May 25, aged eighty-nine.

Mr. Charles Richard Handcock, J.P. for county Westmeath, second son of the late Hon. Charles Handcock, and grandson of Richard, second Lord Castlemaine, accidentally killed by being thrown from a car which he was driving on May 26 at Athlone, aged thirty-one.

The Rev. Thomas Hans Sotheby, M.A., Rector of Langford, Budville, Somersetshire, at Holy Trinity Vicarage, Hoxton, on May 21, aged seventy-eight. He was the eldest son of Admiral Thomas Sotheby, R.N., by Lady Mary Anne, his wife, fourth daughter of the third Earl of Mayo, and was brother of Admiral Sir Edward Southwell Sotheby, K.C.B.

Lady Mary Elizabeth Gage, at Radnor House, Sandgate, on May 16, aged eighty. Her Ladyship was the third daughter of Charles, fifth Marquis of Queensberry, K.T., by Lady Caroline, his wife, third daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.G., and widow of the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Gage, Vicar of Highams Ferrers, nephew of the third Viscount Gage.

THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE.

(Coloured Engraving, Extra Supplement.)

The grassy bank of a river, when quite dry, overlooking the placid surface of pure flowing water, adorned with beautiful aquatic plants in full flower, is an inviting couch for noontide repose, and is favourable to pleasing reveries, on which nobody should rashly intrude with a disturbing presence. Examples of this tranquil enjoyment may sometimes be discovered by the boating parties up the Thames, passing by the private grounds of villas, or the extensive parks and woodlands above Maidenhead, especially on the Buckinghamshire or Oxfordshire side, towards Henley, let us say, or still further up, between Mapledurham, Pangbourne, and Goring, and at many places somewhat retired from the highway of land traffic, where the residents expect an abode of privileged seclusion. The river-front is necessarily open to public view; but so long as people on the water behave with propriety, do not stare or shout or laugh loudly, and make their way past as swiftly and steadily as their skill may permit, the dwellers in these mansions of summer luxury cannot reasonably object to be seen taking their ease. The month of June, makes life pleasant even in town, with the lilacs and all the other blossoming shrubs in our gardens, and with the fresh foliage of such trees as we have; but how much more glorious it is in the country! How gratefully old mother earth responds to the genial sky and to the glowing sunshine, beneath which all her living offspring, vegetable and animal, down to the humblest weed and tiniest insect, arise in myriads of diverse forms at the bidding of Summer, till the ground is covered with greenery and flowers, and the air is filled with voices of winged creatures, happy little things, in their brief existence, that will experience no winter, and that make the best of life at the proper time of the year!

The Irish Art and Industrial Exhibition, to be opened at Olympia on June 4, has been promoted under the happiest auspices. In its interests public men of all parties in the State have co-operated. Within the large building occupied at Christmas by the Paris Hippodrome, the Exhibition proper has been arranged, together with an Irish market. Paintings by Irish artists are shown in the Fine-Art rooms. In the pleasure grounds, approached through a subway, Canon Bagot's Irish Dairy, models of Blarney Castle and Drogheda Castle, an Irish Village, an Irish Round Tower, and the inevitable Toboggan and "Switchback" have been erected.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 29.

The political week has been agitated by the war of parties within and by regrettable incidents without. M. Tisza's attack upon France, in the Hungarian Parliament, has naturally been received here with indignation, and an explanation demanded by diplomatic means. M. Tisza said that at times there reigned in France such a state of affairs that the goods of Hungarians and even the honour of the Hungarian flag might be endangered; therefore he could not advise his compatriots to take part in the forthcoming Universal Exhibition, which had, furthermore, a political *arrière pensée*. The French naturally look for the hand of Bismarck in this gratuitous provocation, the more so as Bismarck has just devised some new vexatious measures with a view to stamping out French influence in Alsace-Lorraine. These measures interest all travellers, inasmuch as on and after May 31 all persons from the French side who wish to cross Alsace-Lorraine, or to visit any place in the annexed provinces, must be provided with a passport bearing the visa of the German Embassy in Paris. Thus, supposing you are going by the Orient express from Paris to Constantinople, you must have a special visa, otherwise you will be stopped at the German frontier.

Home politics have produced various re-groupings of parties and an accentuation of the revisionist current of opinion. Under the joint leadership of Clémenceau, Ranc, and Joffrin, Radicals, Opportunists and Possibilists have formed a temporary alliance against the common enemy—Boulangier and Dictatorship. This alliance bears the title of Société des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen, and its programme is revision and progress. The Monarchists and Bonapartists on their side have formed a league, the object of which is to obtain, by Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary means, the dissolution of the Chamber and the revision of the Constitution. This Conservative alliance intends to proceed by way of banquets and speeches, and a newspaper campaign, led by the seventeen Parisian Conservative journals, which together have a circulation of about 400,000 copies. Meanwhile, the Boulangists are preparing a vigorous campaign in the Department of the Charente in favour of Paul Déroulède, who is candidate for the deputation, as one of Boulangier's lieutenants, and with the General's programme of dissolution and revision. To explain all the ins and outs of these alliances would take too long. It suffices to say that no party has yet explained what particular sense it attaches to the word "revision," and that Boulangier's plans and ulterior schemes are still enigmatic.

Last Sunday being the seventeenth anniversary of the suppression of the Commune by the Versailles troops, the various revolutionary groups as usual went in procession to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and the Working Men's party, in particular, mustering between four and five thousand, made a quite imposing anti-Boulangist manifestation, and took a solemn oath to lay down their lives for the Republic. Unfortunately, the Anarchist groups caused trouble in the afternoon, and one fanatic named Lucas fired three shots with his revolver and wounded two persons. In themselves these incidents have no great importance; the Parisians are accustomed to the annual, and often turbulent, commemoration of the "week of blood;" but abroad they are taken as characteristic of the national spirit and temperament, and so France comes to be regarded as a hot-bed of revolution and violence, as M. Tisza has recently represented.

It is now just nineteen years since M. Raspail, at the Congrès Viticole held at Beaune in 1869, noted the presence of the phylloxera, and prophesied that in twenty years it would destroy all the vines on the old Continent. This remark was at that time greeted with Homeric laughter. Nevertheless, at the present day the phylloxera is to be found all over Europe, in America, and even in Australia. In the French Departments of the Aude, Haute Garonne, Tarn-et-Garonne, and Lot-et-Garonne the spectacle of the country, it appears, is lamentable, and other departments which have hitherto remained scathless are this year touched. The vine-growers and men of science are, however, beginning to know the manners of the terrible insect, and there is hope that gradually the tables will be turned and man will triumph over the destroyer.

The French Derby, or Prix du Jockey Club, was won at Chantilly on Sunday by the favourite Stuart, belonging to Mr. Pierre Donon and mounted by T. Lane. Saint Gall came in second and Galaoir third.

M. Ernest Renan has been promoted to the rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour on the occasion of the annual meeting at the Sorbonne of the provincial learned societies.

On account of a newspaper article, the Corsican Leandri and the Parisian journalist Lepelletier fought a duel with swords in the Bois de Boulogne on Saturday. M. Lepelletier was wounded in the arm.

T. C.

The Emperor Frederick continues to improve and to gain strength. He purposes removing to Potsdam shortly. He was present at the marriage of his son Prince Henry and Princess Irene of Hesse on May 24, which is illustrated and described in the present Number. The Emperor reviewed the Crown Prince's Brigade in the park at Charlottenburg, on May 29, and received verbal reports from Prince Bismarck and other Ministers. The Prince of Wales, who was at the Royal marriage as representative of Queen Victoria, was present on May 25 at the dinner given at the British Embassy by Sir Edward and Lady Erasmyn-trude Malet in his honour. On Saturday, May 26, the Prince drove out with the German Emperor and Empress, and in the evening left Berlin on his return to London.—The Imperial sanction was on May 28 given to the Bill, passed on May 2, prolonging the duration of the Prussian Landtag to five years.—While some forty men were at work on the morning of May 28 in the Royal Theatre, Berlin, in which some structural changes are being made, a part of the roofing fell in, the men being buried beneath the débris. One man was killed, several others receiving injuries.

In aid of the building fund of the new church of St. Luke, Richmond, a fancy dress bazaar has been held at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, Princess Mary Adelaide opening it.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein most kindly (for the third time) visited the Brompton Consumption Hospital on May 28, and took part in an entertainment to the patients, organised by Miss Mary Liddell. The Princess charmed her hearers by her artistic rendering of two piano-forte solos, and a duet with Miss Mary Liddell. Her Royal Highness was also the accompanist to the refined singing of Mrs. Everett Gray, and the exquisite violin solos of the Hon. Winifred Sturt. The other performers were Mr. Charles Colnaghi and Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, whose humorous songs and laughable melodramatic sketch, most cleverly performed, called forth continuous laughter and applause. The Princess, on her arrival, graciously accepted a bouquet from Miss Beckwith, the daughter of the chairman of the committee of management. The Royal visit evidently afforded intense pleasure to the numerous invalids and nurses.

THE COURT.

May 24 being the Queen's birthday and the wedding-day of her Majesty's grandchildren, Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse, the Queen received numerous letters and telegrams of congratulation. In the morning her Majesty went out, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Princesses of Schleswig-Holstein; and in the afternoon the Queen and the Royal family drove through Braemar and round the Lion's Face, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy. In the evening the Queen witnessed a torchlight procession, which took place from the castle to Craig Gowan, where a bonfire was lighted by Princess Beatrice in celebration of the Royal marriage. A number of promotions in and appointments to the Order of St. Michael and St. George were announced. Sir Daniel Cooper becomes a Knight Grand Cross of the Order. Although the official celebration of the event will not take place until to-day (June 2), the anniversary was unofficially observed in London, Windsor, the chief military centres, and in other places throughout the country. The Queen's birthday was also observed by the British Ambassadors at foreign Courts.—On May 25 Lord Stanley of Preston, G.C.B., and Lady Stanley arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen. Lord Stanley kissed hands on appointment as Governor-General of Canada. On May 26 the Queen and Princess Victoria, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, took a drive, and were met by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Louise and the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy, at the Danzig Shiel. Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India, and the Very Rev. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, May 27, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Very Rev. Cameron Lees, D.D., officiated. The Queen went out on Monday morning, May 28, with Princess Victoria and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. In the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Louise, attended by the Duchess Dowager of Athole, drove to Glen Gelder shiel. Viscount Cross, the Very Rev. James Cameron Lees, and the Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen. The Queen has subscribed £200 towards the restoration of Cloughton parish church, near Scarborough. According to present arrangements, the Court will not return to Windsor until after Ascot races, about June 20.

The Prince of Wales, who has been representing her Majesty at the wedding of Prince Henry of Prussia, at Berlin, arrived in London on May 27. The Princess, accompanied by the three Princesses, left Marlborough House on May 23 for Sandringham. On Sunday, May 27, the Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated. Their Royal Highnesses returned to Marlborough House on May 28. The Prince was present at the 1st Guards' annual dinner (the Duke of Cambridge in the chair) at the Hôtel Métropole on May 28. The Prince was present at the annual regimental dinner (the Marquis of Ormonde in the chair) of the 1st Life Guards on May 29 at the Hôtel Métropole. The Count and Countess de Paris and Princess Hélène visited the Prince and Princess. The Prince will hold a Levée on her Majesty's behalf, at St. James's Palace, on Friday, June 8. The Prince has postponed the opening of the new gymnasium of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, situated at 92, Long-acre, until June 7. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House from York to be present at the annual regimental dinner of the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers at the Albion.

Her Majesty's despatch-vessel *Surprise* left Gibraltar on May 29 with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh for Tangier. After lunching at the British Minister's residence their Royal Highnesses returned to Gibraltar. Prince Alfred, eldest son of the Duke of Edinburgh, is now being drilled by a sergeant-major of the battalion quartered at Coburg.

The forty-second birthday of Princess Christian was celebrated at Windsor on May 25 with the customary honours. The bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church rang merrily, and a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk.

Saturday, May 26, being the twenty-first birthday of Princess Victoria of Teck, her coming of age was celebrated at White Lodge, Richmond Park. A deputation from the principal inhabitants of Richmond and the neighbourhood attended at White Lodge and presented the Princess with a park phaeton, horse, and handsome trappings, accompanied by an album containing an illuminated address. A congratulatory address was also presented by the Rev. W. H. Bliss, on behalf of the inhabitants of Kew, to the Duchess of Teck. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Teck gave a garden-party at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on May 28, in celebration of the coming of age of their daughter. About 250 residents in the neighbourhood of Richmond were present.

THE KING OF SWEDEN AT LISBON.

King Oscar of Sweden, during his trip to the Mediterranean, has been received nowhere with more right royal welcome than in Lisbon, where he arrived on May 13 in the Swedish corvette *Frega*. A Portuguese squadron, led by the Affonso d'Albuquerque, having on board the Crown Prince of Portugal and the Infante Don Affonso, went out to meet the Swedish Royal party, and to escort them to the Caes das Columnas, where they were landed in the State barge, and were driven to the Palace D'Ajuda. Visits to the San Carlos Theatre and to the public buildings, a grand State dinner at the palace, and other festivities were brought to a fitting close, on May 16, with an extraordinary firework display provided by our British pyrotechnists, C. T. Brock and Co. This exhibition was, perhaps, the most gigantic and costly ever given in honour of Royalty. The illuminations, the set pieces, and other special designs extended along the Tagus more than 600 metres, or upwards of a third of a mile, and lasted about two hours. They were witnessed by vast numbers of the people of Lisbon and of the surrounding country.

The Law Courts have reopened for the Trinity sittings, and these sittings will continue to the commencement of the Long Vacation on Aug. 13.

Lord Salisbury has informed the Mayor of Birmingham that the Government will not take part in the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, as it has been organised to commemorate the French Revolution, and that the Government cannot join in celebrating political events in a foreign country.

The coming of age of the Earl of Dudley on May 25 was marked by public rejoicings on his estates and at the Round Oak ironworks and collieries, as well as by several informal celebrations and congratulatory speeches. The general festivities in honour of the event are, however, postponed until August.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
DR. FRITZ HOFFMAN.—Your very ingenious two-mover shall appear, if further examination proves it sound.
DELTA.—We are making use of your further communication in our analysis of the games.
R. PEGUERO.—Solution No. 2 is the author's. No. 1 is, unfortunately, another way. No. 3 is successfully met by 1. P to B5th.
MAJOR PRICHARD.—Your conjecture regarding No. 2302 is quite right, the solution you send not being the author's.
BERNARD REYNOLDS.—1. B to B 6th will not solve the Problem. The reply is 1. P to B 5th.
OLD LADY (Paterson, U.S.).—P to Q 4th will not do as the first move of No. 2207, as Black's King escapes to B 3rd. Thanks for sympathy and kind wishes.
W H B W.—Your problem admits of the following second solution: 1. R takes Q (ch), K to K 4th; 2. R to K sq, B to K 5th; 3. Q takes P, Mate.
G DRUMERS (Brussels).—Thanks for game; which, however, besides being rather long, is somewhat lacking in interest for publication.
F DREW.—If you can add a quiet move to the first of your stratagems it will form a pretty little problem. The other position admits of two solutions besides your own.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2298 received from Rev. J. Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), of No. 2299 from G. J. Powell, T. Thompson, F. Drew, and I. Cadman; of No. 2300 from F. H. M. John, G. Grave, L. Cadman, G. Glover, and G. W. Brodie; of No. 2301 from F. H. M. John, G. Grave, T. Thompson, J. M. Dalziel (Edinburgh), G. S. Hartley, Esposito Lang (Naples), Charles Etherington, G. Jarvis, Peterhouse, Frank R. Pickering, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Carslake W. Wood, and Mabel T. G.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2303 received from Thomas Chown, T. G. Ware, T. Roberts, E. Phillips, Jupiter Junior, L. Wyman, H. Lucas, E. Sharswood, Columbus, E. Casella (Paris), Dane John, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. H. M. F. Drew, C. J. Boorne, W. R. Rallem, Alpha, Anglin (Lyne Regis), R. P. N. Banks, Peterhouse, E. E. H. R. H. Brooks, Dr. F. St. Rev. Winfield Cooper, C. E. P. Shadforth, G. J. Veale, Julia Short, J. Heyworth Shaw, Lillie Harris, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Steyning, Bernard Reynolds, Major Prichard, J. R. Newman, Howard A. Hermit, E. G. Boys, Echo, J. Gibson, W. S. and L. Desanges.

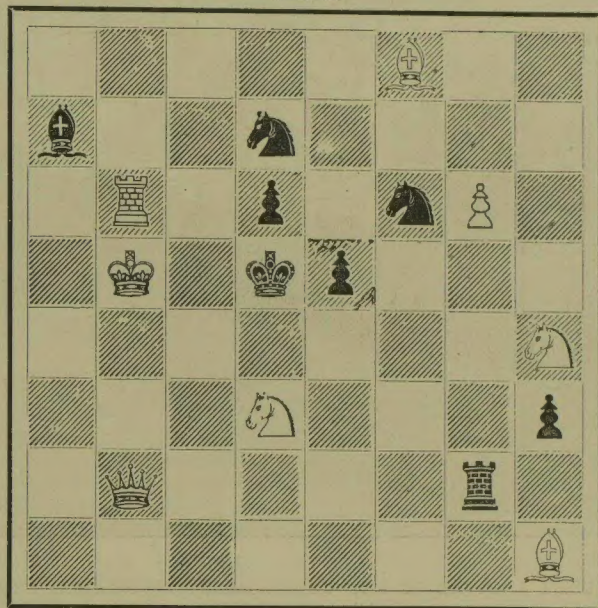
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2300.

WHITE.
1. B to R 5th
2. B to Q 2nd (ch)
3. P to K 4th. Mate.
BLACK.
K to B 5th
K to B 4th

PROBLEM No. 2304.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BATH.

The subjoined game was played on the occasion of the return-match between the Clifton and Bath Clubs. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Fedden)	BLACK (Mr. Thorold)	WHITE (Mr. Fedden)	BLACK (Mr. Thorold)
1. P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th	17. P to K Kt 4th	Q to K sq
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. Q takes Q	
We prefer P to Q 4th.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	This is sufficient proof of the weakness of his sixteenth move. We certainly prefer Q to R 4th.	
4. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)	18.	R takes Q
5. B to Q 2nd	B takes B (ch)	19. P takes P	P takes P
6. Q Kt takes B	P to Q Kt 3rd	20. K R to Q sq	R to Q Kt 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	21. P to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 5th
8. R to Q B sq	B to K 5th	22. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q 5th
9. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	23. P takes P	
10. B to Kt sq		P to Q R 3rd, dislodging the R (he cannot take Kt P because of B to R 2nd), should have been played before making this move.	
11. Kt takes Kt		23.	P to K 6th
This seems to be safe enough if properly followed up.			
12. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes Kt	24. Kt to Q 3rd	R takes P
13. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	25. Kt to K sq	
Here White might have done better by 13. P takes P, P takes P; 14. Q to Kt 3rd, K to R sq (for the Kt is threatened, and no other move saves it); 15. P to B 3rd, &c., with a good game.			
13.	P to K R 3rd	It matters little what White plays, for the game is lost.	
14. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	26.	R to Q 7th
15. P takes P	P takes P	26. B to B 5th	Kt to B 3rd
16. Q to R 5th		27. R to Q R sq	
White is wasting time in a weak attack on the King's side, while danger is threatening him on the Queen's flank. P to Q K 4th was the right move here.			
16.	P to B 4th	27.	Q R to Q sq
From this point Black has distinctly the better game.			
17.		28. R takes R	P takes R
18.		29. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B 6th
19.		30. B to K 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd
20.		31. Kt takes P	P Queens (ch)
21.		32. R takes Q	R takes R (ch)
22.		33. K to B 2nd	Kt to K 5th (ch)
23.		34. K takes B	Kt takes Kt
and White shortly after resigned.			

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The following was one of ten simultaneous blindfold games played by MR. BLACKBURN, at Manchester, twenty years ago. It has not hitherto been published.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Mathie)	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Mathie)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. K to R sq	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Although in no danger, White makes matters doubly secure.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20.	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	Q R to Kt sq should have been played at once to give freedom to the King.	
5. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	21. B to R 6th (ch)	
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd	Black's fate is irretrievable.	
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21.	K to Kt sq
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	22. Q takes Kt	
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th	In Mr. Blackburne's best style, if Black captures the Q he is mated in six moves, by 1. R to K sq (ch), K moves; 2. B to Kt 7th (ch), K moves; 3. B to B 6th (dis ch), K moves; 4. K R to Q Kt 2nd, Kt takes B; 5. P takes Kt, and R mates next move.	
10. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	22.	K to R sq
11. Kt to K 2nd	B takes Kt	This does not improve matters. P to B 4th delays defeat a little longer.	
12. P takes B	Q to B 3rd	23. R to Q Kt sq	R to Q Kt sq
13. P to B 4th	Castles	24. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes P
Black cannot take the Q P without losing either a piece or his Q.			
14. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	25. P takes Kt	Q to K 2nd
15. P to Q 5th	B takes B	26. Q to R 4th	P takes P
A most injudicious capture, giving White opportunity for a crushing attack on the Queen's side.			
16. P takes B	P to R 4th	27. R takes P	P to K B 4th
17. Q to R 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	28. Kt takes R P	Q to Kt 2nd.
The weakness of Black's position is now apparent.			
18. Kt to Q 4th	P to R 5th	and White mates in three moves.	
19. R to B 2nd	P to R 6th		

Messrs. Brown and Cassell, the hon. secretaries for Yorkshire in connection with the forthcoming International Congress, announce that they will insert in the programme of the Congress the following particulars of all chess clubs in the United Kingdom, provided the hon. secretaries of the same furnish the required information to the Hon. Secretary, Yorkshire County Chess Club, 19, Bagby-street, Leeds, before July 12, 1888.—Club name and date established, place, days and times of meeting, and number of members.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

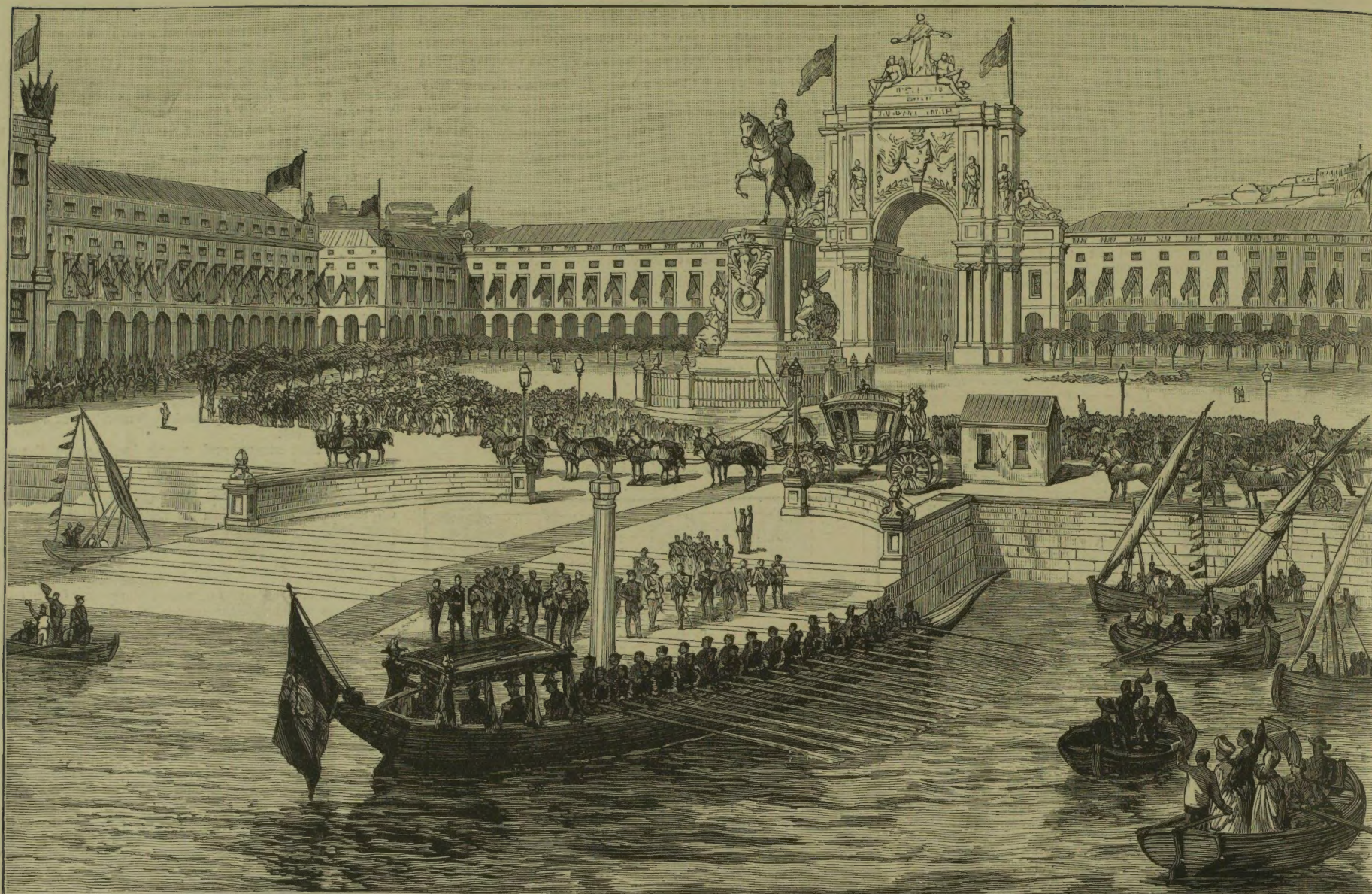
The opera this season is taking quite its old place as a fashionable resort. The audience night after night is a most brilliant one, and Covent-Garden Theatre is peculiarly fitted to its display. The whole floor of the house, of course, is stalls; but these are backed all round, not by bare wall, but by private-boxes, raised only a matter of a few steps above the floor. Moreover, the next tier entirely, and the greater part even of the one higher still, consists of boxes; so that, instead of the great space of a gallery, the whole of the walls, nearly to the ceiling, are covered by the crimson and gold fronts of the private compartments. This would be desolate, doubtless, if the boxes were not occupied; but then they are always filled. Every box on the lower and the grand tiers has been subscribed for the whole season, and is therefore occupied nightly by a group of auditors in full evening dress, with the result of a very splendid *tout ensemble*. The eye travels round the house, from one cluster of fair women and well-got-up men to another; diamonds flash, fine fabrics in many colours glimmer; faces familiar to all the world are seen on one hand and the other, and beauty is shown at its best. In fact, it is by far the most brilliant opera season there has been in my time, at all events; and it can hardly have been more brilliant and interesting in the most fashionable and flourishing of opera seasons. The Princess wore many diamonds and a pink dress on the occasion on which I saw her Royal Highness there. The Countess of Dudley, in a plain black-lace dress, high at the back and open square in front, wore ropes of pearls; while Lady Randolph Churchill had on a very smart opera-cloak of blue and brown broad velvet.

Alas! that sorrow and wrong jostle so in the world with splendour and gaiety that it is only a reflection of life to pass abruptly from one to the other in thought! We would all rather not hear of painful things, of course; but if we do not consent to listen to such tales they can never be amended. A doubt does sometimes, indeed, cross my mind whether it is not dangerous to draw attention to the way in which the laws allow bad men to do tyranny and wrong. But, on the whole, I have faith in the efficacy of letting the light of day into the dark holes and corners. Only so can good men, who would never dream of taking advantage of evil laws, be convinced that there are men who will so avail themselves of their shameful chances, and that, therefore, the laws must be altered. Only so can the thousands of fortunate, sheltered, honoured, influential wives and mothers be made to feel in their consciences that they owe a duty to their sisters fallen into evil hands. The sufferers are powerless. It is the women who "have all the rights they want," who must be made, as George Meredith puts it, to "hear women's shrieks" upon "the outer ways so rude, so vile," troubling their ears until the ladies feel that they must leave "their sheltered walks" to carry succour, to the sufferers who cannot help themselves. The history of the legislation of the last twenty years encourages the faith that it is only knowledge of the truth that is wanted. As soon as men and women are made to see that there is something wrong and how it can be righted, it is pretty sure to be attended to. In all the history of laws, there can be few things nobler, surely, than the passing of the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, by which men who would never have themselves abused their power over their wives' money, yet consented to hand over from themselves the control of millions, because it was made clear that in only too many cases the control was, in fact, abused. So it is plainly better not to pursue the ostrich policy of hiding up one's eyes and pretending that the evils do not exist; but to face them and overcome them. Here is a long preface, but it is a general one rather than special. However, it has an application.

A case reported in this week's *Times* ought to astonish many people. Every decent-minded man recognises that his first duty is to provide for those of his own household; and certainly most men suppose that if they fail to do this the law will compel them. It is frequently asserted that a man, when he marries, takes upon himself the legal obligation of providing for all his wife's needs. But the hard fact is that a woman is just as responsible for her husband's maintenance as he is for hers. If he has the necessary means he must keep her out of the workhouse; and, if she can, she must keep him out of the workhouse; and that is all. In case of desertion, however, under an Act passed only a year ago, a wife is now in a rather better position than she is if her husband nominally lives with her but neglects to supply her needs. In the case in point a Poor-Law Inspector, drawing a salary of about £700 per annum, and said to have private means besides, had positively allowed his aged wife, a lady of seventy, to become a pauper. He permitted himself to be summoned for the amount of her out-door relief for two months, but compromised the case, with the consent of Magistrate and guardians, by agreeing to allow her £1 per week in future. This is the extent to which a woman finds in her old age the man to whom she has given her youth and strength, and who himself lives in the enjoyment of an ample income, is responsible for her support.

Marriage is, in the nature of the case, an engrossing profession for a woman; as wife, mother, and housekeeper, her hands are so filled that it is nearly always undesirable and generally impossible for her to earn money or make herself a career otherwise. Is it quite fair, then, that, legally speaking, she should not only have no claim for wages all through her active life, but that, after being thus precluded from saving for her own old age, she should have no right to more than a starvation pension at last, however rich the man to whom she has devoted her existence? Ought not a wife to have a legal claim on a bad husband for the just proportion of his income which a good husband would give her as a matter of free will—nay, as a matter of course? Now, this is a question which I want to get answered neither by men who starve their wives nor by wives who are so ill-treated, but by the husbands who are kind and just, and by the wives who have never known a want that their husbands' means could meet.

Much has been said during the past week about a document in favour of Irish Home Rule which has been signed by some twelve hundred members of the Society of Friends. This number is, of course, a very small proportion of the whole body, as is generally known; but few people seem to be aware of the fact that the Irish Friends have formally pronounced strongly against Home Rule. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the body is its admission of women to a full share in the government and the politics of the sect; and when the Irish Friends resolved to send a deputation to England from their yearly meeting to urge the English Friends to oppose Mr. Gladstone's Bill, one woman and two men ministers were the persons elected to form the deputation. Mr. John Bright was present at the meeting assembled to hear the message against Home Rule delivered by those delegates; and he is said to have stated that it was chiefly the powerful and moving address of the woman Friend that decided him to take it as a duty, not merely to refrain from supporting, but to actively oppose the measure.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

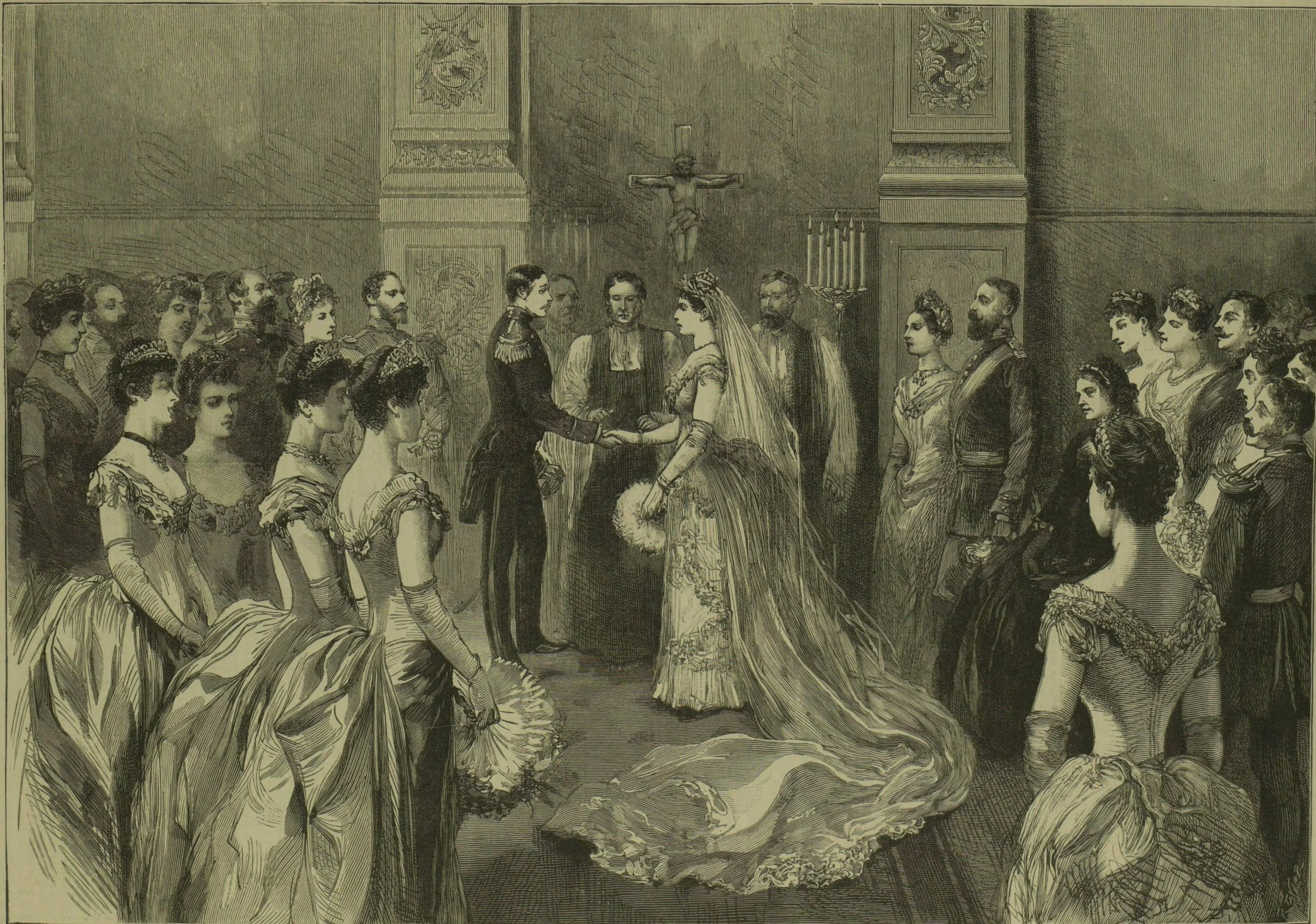


VISIT OF THE KING OF SWEDEN TO LISBON: ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE CAES DAS COLUMNS, FRONTING COMMERCIAL-SQUARE.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT CHARLOTTENBURG: THE EMPRESS CROWNING THE BRIDE, PRINCESS IRENE.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSE, AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our last record of the performances of Mr. Augustus Harris's first season at this establishment, the interest, so worthily inaugurated at the commencement has been well maintained. "Rigoletto" has been given with the familiar and ever-welcome feature of Madame Albani's impersonation of the character of Gilda, in which her bright vocalisation in the earlier scenes and her genuine pathos and dramatic earnestness in the subsequent tragic situations were again displayed with signal success. The occasion now referred to included the first appearance of Madame Zepilli-Villani in the small part of Maddalena—important, however, in the fine quartet near the close of the opera. The lady has the advantages of a good stage presence and, apparently, dramatic experience. She made a decidedly favourable impression; but her vocal acquirements will be more fairly estimated after she has appeared in a more prominent character. The cast of "Rigoletto" included efficient performances by Signor D'Andrade in the title-character, Signor Ravelli as the Duke, and Signor Navarra as Sparafucile.

On May 24 Madame Melba made her début as the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The lady is an Australian who has sung with much success recently on the Continent, and had, we believe, previously appeared at concerts, under her own name, in this country. In her recent stage performance she created a highly favourable impression, which, there is reason to believe will be enhanced in subsequent appearances. Her voice is a pure soprano—of bright, if not very powerful, quality—possessing an extensive upper compass, with much flexibility of execution, as evidenced in her opening cavatina, especially in the final impulsive allegro thereof, with its elaborate embroideries. The impression thus made was sustained in the duets with Edgardo and Enrico, and enhanced in the contract-scene and the scene of delirium, with its bravura passages of display. The reception of Madame Melba was such as to hold out prospects of her becoming a favourite here. Signor Ravelli, as Edgardo, and Signor Cotogni, as Enrico, each sang with excellent effect; and Signori Navarini, De Vaschetti, and I. Corsi were serviceable, respectively, as Raimondo, Normanno, and Arturo.

On Saturday, May 26, Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was given, with the characters of the Countess and Susanna sustained, respectively, by Madame Albani and Miss Ema Russell, a combination that it would be difficult, if even possible, to surpass. The vocal grace and ladylike charm imparted by Madame Albani to the character with which she has often before been associated were again specially manifested, and the other part was embodied with brightness and vivacity free from undue pertness, the music having been given with refined vocalisation. The character of the pert Page, Cherubino, was sustained by Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, who looked the character well and sang the music in very pleasing style. Signor Cotogni was, as often before, a good Figaro, Signor Del Puente was impressive as the Count, Signor Ciampi eccentric as Bartolo, Signor Rinaldini satisfactory as Basilio, and subordinate parts were sufficiently well filled, including Mdlle. Bauermeister as Marcellina, that lady having in other recent instances contributed, in secondary characters, to the general effect of the performances. The interpolation of Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," in the ballet divertissement, was a grave mistake in every respect. The skilful dancing of Mdlle. Giuri was a special feature.

The third week of Mr. Harris's operatic season began, on May 28, with a repetition of "Carmen," with some features of the cast the same as in the recent representation duly noticed by us, and the substitution of Signor Ravelli as Don José and of Madame Minnie Hauk in the title-character, this lady's rendering of which has been a noticeable specialty in several previous opera seasons. It was again an embodiment that it would be scarcely possible to improve on. Levity, audacity, scorn, and vindictiveness were, as heretofore, realised with wondrous dramatic truthfulness, yet without repulsive exaggeration. Miss Macintyre, as Micaela, fully sustained—indeed, even enhanced—the very favourable impression made by her recent début therein. With some more stage experience, there should be a prosperous dramatic career for this charming young vocalist. Signor Ravelli, by his earnest and impassioned performance as José, contributed much to the general effect of the opera; Signor Del Puente's representation, as the Toreador, and other features having been as before. "Carmen," as now given, should prove a frequent source of attraction.

Subsequent specialties will have to be spoken of hereafter. We may again draw attention to the excellence of all the stage arrangements, including an attention to historical accuracy in costume that has generally been disregarded in Italian opera.

The performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was conducted by Mr. Randegger, the other operas above referred to having been directed by Signor Mancinelli.

On May 25, a vocal and pianoforte recital was given at Steinway Hall by the sisters A. and E. Ferrari D'Occhieppo, whose programme comprised pieces of both kinds for the two; their performances having displayed much cultivated skill in each instance. A special feature was their execution of two pieces (by Liszt and Henselt) in unison, on two pianofortes, affording a strong test of accuracy in time and fingering.

Mr. Charles Hallé's third chamber music concert at St. James's Hall, on May 25, included his own refined performances in Beethoven's solo pianoforte sonata in E minor, Op. 90; in Schubert's fantasia for piano and violin, Op. 159, in association with Madame Norman-Néruda, and in Dvorák's trio, Op. 65, and Brahms's Op. 101, with the lady violinist and Herr F. Néruda, this gentleman having also been heard in a sonata by Marcello. All the performances were of a highly artistic kind. The next concert takes place on June 8.

Señor Sarasate's third orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on May 26, included the Spanish violinist's brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto, M. Saint-Saëns' third concerto, and the soloist's own fantasia on themes from "Carmen." The highly-finished executive art of the player again produced a marked impression. The concert also included orchestral pieces effectively rendered by a full band conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

The third of the present series of Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall took place on May 28, when the programme consisted mostly of music by Wagner, Liszt, and Brahms, the three chief exponents of what is said to be the new school. The performances—including Mr. Henschel's effective declamation of Sachs's monologues from "Die Meistersinger" and Mr. F. Hartvigson's very skilful rendering of the pianoforte part of Liszt's repulsive "Todtentanz"—were of the excellence to which we are accustomed at these concerts.

Herr and Madame Francesco Berger's morning concert took place at Willis's Rooms on May 28, when the programme included the co-operation of both these sterling artists, respectively, as pianist and vocalist, and of other eminent performers, vocal and instrumental.

Madame Sophie Menter, the eminent pianist, gave the first of two recitals at St. James's Hall on May 28, when her programme included Beethoven's solo sonata in E major, Op. 109, and a variety of smaller pieces by Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, &c. The lady's performances were of the same exceptional power and brilliancy as in former instances; her chief excellence being manifested in music of the bravura school. The second recital is fixed for June 14.

Simultaneously with Madame Menter's performances, Mr. Harvey Löhr was giving his seventh annual concert at Willis's Rooms. The programme announced the co-operation of himself as pianist, Mdlle. A. Lang as violinist, Mr. W. E. Whitehouse as violoncellist, and Madame M. McKenzie and Mr. J. G. Robertson as vocalists.

The first of the two farewell appearances of Madame Christine Nilsson was fixed (as previously noted) to take place at the Royal Albert Hall on the afternoon of May 31; the fifth Philharmonic concert of the season having been announced for the evening of the same date.

Mr. Aptommas, the eminent harpist, has inaugurated a series of six concerts at Steinway Hall.

One of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's attractive vocal recitals was announced for June 1 at Prince's Hall, where the second is to take place on June 18; the programme on each occasion comprising examples of various styles and periods.

Among the various miscellaneous concerts of the past few days were those of Miss Emelie Lewis, Mr. H. Lebreton (vocalists), Mr. E. Fowle (pianist), Mdlle. Hirsch (violinist), for the benefit of the Cancer Ward of the Middlesex Hospital; Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss José Sherrington, Signor Denza (the composer of many successful songs), Madame Puzzi, Miss S. Linden, Mr. H. Phillips (vocalists), Mdlle. Eissler, Miss A. Lang (violinists), Misses L. Phillips and M. Hall (vocalists), Master Ernest Moss, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. C. Roynance, and the Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society.

The public concert of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music is announced to take place at St. James's Hall on June 6; Mr. W. G. Cusins's annual concert being fixed for the following day in the same locale.

QUEENSLAND OPALS.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of the varied resources of Australia was the finding of the opal mines of Queensland, by Mr. H. W. Bond, who first came upon this precious gem about seven years ago, in what was then a comparatively unknown portion of the remote interior—on Cooper's Creek, or Barcoo River, near the eastern boundary of South Australia, in a region noted for the wanderings and tragic fate of the explorers, Burke and Wills. The extensive mines acquired by Mr. Bond, which are now the property of an English company, present many singular and interesting characteristics. The country around them—composed, alternately, of plains, hills, and mountain ranges—exhibits the striking features of Australian inland scenery. Among the most remarkable geological and physical landmarks in the opal country are the Coleman and McGregor ranges, whose bold outlines present a highly romantic appearance. In the background of the view, a number of conelike and castellated hills rise from the surrounding plain, the more connected mountain ranges of the background appearing as if capped by numerous and enormous fortifications. Some of the isolated conical hills terminate in sharp peaks; others, with flat circular crests and perpendicular red sides, rise out of slopes of yellow or reddish earth, partially covered with a struggling vegetation. The rocks are of Tertiary age, but possess no very distinct or typical character. A great deal of the geological formation is composed of rocks of gritty sand. The contour of the hills is apparently due to the effects of climate and atmosphere, operating for incalculable periods of time.

In some parts, over very large tracts of country, opals are found filling the narrow and irregular fissures of a ferruginous matrix, or in delicate scales so thin that they appear as if painted on to the matrix; but these, however beautiful, cannot be utilised by the lapidary. It is, in fact, only within a comparatively small area of the opal-bearing district that stones of any commercial value have been found; that is to say, as regards quantity, colour, and thickness. This locality, the scene of Mr. Bond's discoveries, is now known as the Aladdin Hills, which consist of castellated sandstone hills of curious configuration. It is here that the opal is distributed in all its most valuable and lovely forms—as precious opal, as fire opal, as common opal, as wood opal, and as hyalite. The best opals are usually found in nodules, which are imbedded in grey or chalky earth, in the form of strata, in the hills. The nodules, which are of very uniform size and shape, have an external crust or shell of a thickness varying from half an inch to an inch. This shell is composed of a number of concentric layers of ferruginous silica, separated by fine lines of a bright yellow colour. On being broken, these concentric layers are seen to inclose a silicious cream-coloured kernel, which completely fills the shell. The kernel is the matrix of the opal. Layers or deposits of these nodules, in the Aladdin Hills, contain opals of great value, displaying throughout their whole body a wonderful and delicate play of colour.

The opal, which has been the theme of many romantic and poetic legends, and the object of antiquated superstition, is rapidly regaining the favour bestowed upon it by the ancients. It is well known to be a favourite stone with the Queen, and the practice of wearing it is increasing in most of the European Courts. Hitherto the opal market has been chiefly supplied from the mines of Hungary, which produce the pale milk-hued gems. The stones which come from South America are milky, but less fiery, than their Hungarian rivals; but the Queensland opals appear destined to gain a more prominent marketable position by reason of their great brilliancy, the varied distribution of their colours, and their vivid green lustre, which seems to impart to their beauty a singularly attractive charm. A magnificent collection of these gems is now on view at the company's offices in London.

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NAVAL SQUADRONS AT BARCELONA.

A striking feature of the opening of the Spanish International Exhibition at Barcelona, on May 20, was the presence of several members of different foreign Royal families, including those of Great Britain, Italy, and Bavaria, to meet the Queen-Regent of Spain, with her infant son, King Alfonso XIII.; and the naval squadrons, including that commanded by one of our Princes, Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, made an imposing show in the harbour. The British Mediterranean squadron was joined by the training squadron from the Channel, consisting of the Active, Calypso, Rover, and Volage. The Queen-Regent, on board the Spanish frigate Numancia, entertained the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Prince George of Wales, at luncheon, and afterwards in the Municipal Palace at dinner. The Duke of Genoa, representing the King of Italy, and Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who is nephew to Queen Christina of Spain, were present at the opening ceremony, which was performed in the customary manner; the Alcalde or Mayor of Barcelona reading an address to her Majesty, whose Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta, responded to the address, and declared the Exhibition open in the name of the King. His Majesty—a babe, dressed in white, and carried by an Asturian nurse in a picturesque costume of crimson and gold—led the procession, and was placed on the throne; the Queen, his mother, sat on the left hand, with the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke of Genoa; on the right were the Duke of Edinburgh and other Princes. The foreign Ambassadors, including Sir Clare Ford, many Senators and deputies of the Spanish Cortes, and dignitaries of various cities and towns, attended this ceremonial. The British naval squadron, with the Duke of Edinburgh, left Barcelona next day for Gibraltar. We have to thank Mr. H. A. Scrivener, R.N., Staff Paymaster on board H.M.S. Active, for a Sketch of the larger ships of war lying in the outer harbour.

THE LATE ADMIRAL M. F. O'REILLY, R.N.

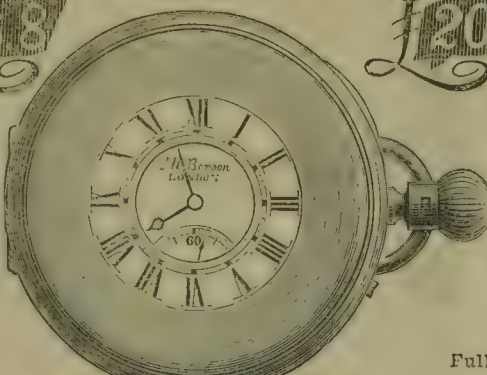
This veteran officer entered active service in 1837, from the Royal Naval College, and was on board the Pelorus, wrecked in a hurricane at Port Essington, North Australia, in November, 1839; that vessel was got off and repaired by very hard work of the officers and crew. He served next in H.M.S. Wellesley, the flag-ship at Hong-Kong, where he did good work on the occasion of a destructive typhoon in the harbour, and in refitting and rigging out the Royalist; then, joining H.M.S. Druid, he took part in the Chinese War of 1841, assisting at the capture of Amoy and of the island of Kowlong-soo, in command of the barge with the first landing party. For these services he was specially thanked by the flag officer in command. Off Achern Head, Sumatra, he saved the son of the Sultan from drowning. On the return of his ship to England he passed a "very creditable" examination in seamanship and gunnery, and was appointed, in 1843, mate of H.M.S. Excellent, gunnery practice ship. In 1845, with the commission of Acting-Lieutenant, he was on the West Coast of Africa, in H.M.S. Lily, employed in the suppression of the slave-trade; after which, as full Lieutenant, he was three years with H.M.S. Bellerophon in the Mediterranean fleet. Lieutenant O'Reilly served on the coast of South Africa, in more than one ship, in 1851 and 1852; when the Birkenhead troop-ship had been wrecked, he was chosen, with two others, to examine the rock at "Danger Point." A Sketch drawn by him was published in the *Illustrated London News* that year. After his return home he joined H.M.S. Retribution, under Captain the Hon. J. R. Drummond, and was engaged in the reconnoitring of Sebastopol, where his drawings of plans and diagrams, as well as at Sinope and other places on the Black Sea coasts, rendered most useful service. He received three wounds in action, at the bombardment of Odessa, and was present at the naval bombardment of the Sebastopol forts. In the storm of Nov. 14, 1855, which destroyed many vessels at Balaklava, Lieutenant O'Reilly's great exertions contributed mainly to save his ship. He was specially thanked for these services, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, presented him to the Sultan. Having come home with fever and jaundice, which laid him up for three months, he was appointed to command the gun-boat Seagull, which led the flotilla when the Queen reviewed the fleet at Spithead. In May, 1856, he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and commanded the steam-sloop Lapwing four years, in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean. Being caught, in April, 1861, by a terrible gale of wind in a perilous channel of the Greek Archipelago, the Lapwing had to throw overboard her heavy guns and shot. On other occasions, she performed arduous services in rescuing a Norwegian corvette, and the crew of a Mecklenburg merchant-vessel, for which Captain O'Reilly was rewarded with tokens of official approval, and with medals and crosses given by foreign Governments. He attained the rank of Post-Captain in June, 1862, and became a Rear-Admiral in March, 1878, by seniority, having won general esteem as a gallant officer and a most able seaman, whose merits were repeatedly brought under public notice.

LIEUTENANT R. G. LE FANU WILLIAMSON.

This young officer of the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers was killed in action, on May 4, near Leppagyn, in the Ava district of Upper Burmah. Richard Grey Le Fanu Williamson was the elder son of the late Mr. Richard Williamson, C.E., and was born at Londonderry in February, 1865. After being educated at Streatham and at the Athénée Royale, Ghent, he entered the Army, being gazetted to the 5th Battalion Rifle Brigade on June 16, 1884; was transferred to the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, April 28, 1886, and joined this regiment at Kamptee, Madras, in the following October. Shortly after this it was sent to Burmah, to form part of the Upper Burmah Field Force, with head-quarters at Mandalay, by which he became entitled to the medal for that campaign. After spending several months in the jungle at Magyizaik he returned to head-quarters with a bad attack of fever, from which, however, he completely recovered. He was lately attached to the Myotha Flying Column, in temporary command of the Mandalay Company of Mounted Infantry. Having received intelligence of the presence of dacoits in the neighbourhood he instantly went in search of them with nine men of his regiment, accompanied by Mr. O'Dowda, District Superintendent of Police, and eight mounted policemen. Coming upon the dacoits in a dense jungle, there was a short engagement, in which Lieutenant Williamson and two privates of the Royal Munster Fusiliers and Mr. O'Dowda were killed. Their bodies were recovered five days subsequently by Captain Knox, of the Hyderabad Cavalry, who had searched for them with a strong force. Lieutenant Williamson was found between two Bohs, whom he had shot with his revolver. He was a promising young officer, and deservedly popular with all ranks.

Mr. John Bright, M.P., has been suffering from congestion of the left lung; but at the time of our going to press with the earliest edition he was, we are happy to state, much better. Anxiety, however, is still felt as to his condition.

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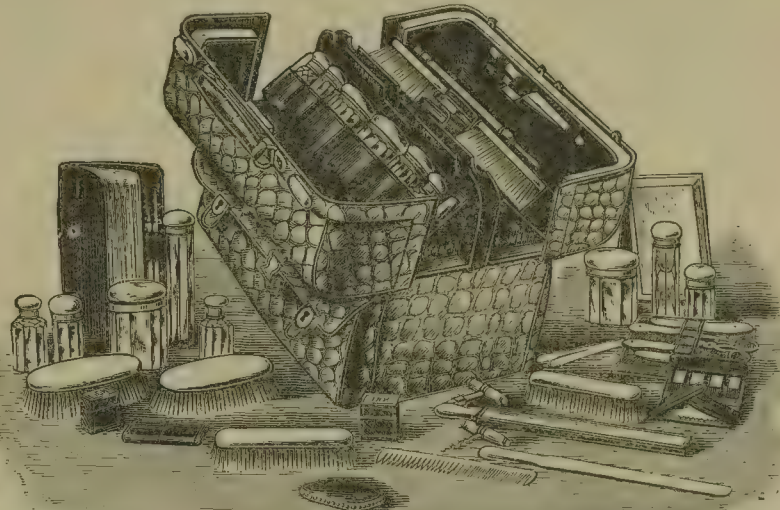
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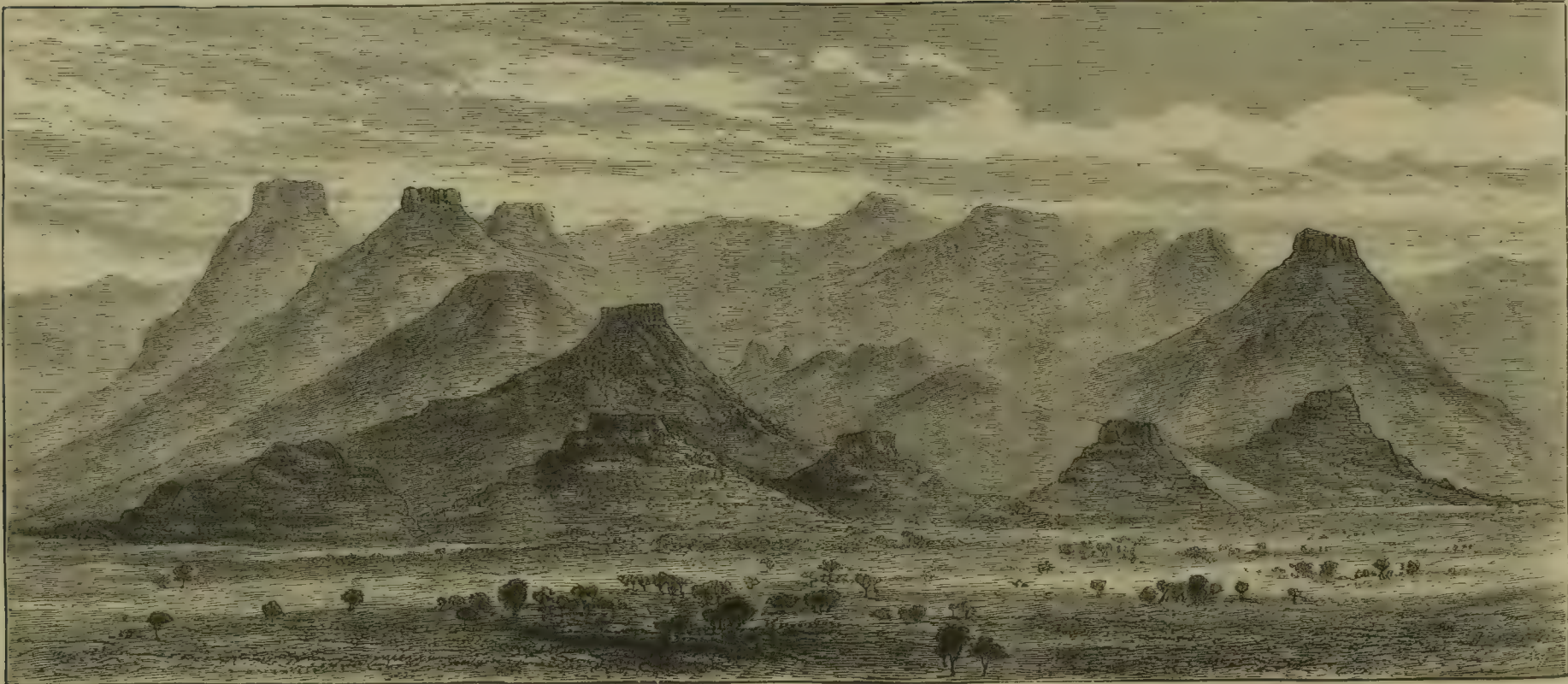
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THE OPAL MINES OF QUEENSLAND, WITH THE COLEMAN AND MCGREGOR RANGES.



British Men of War.

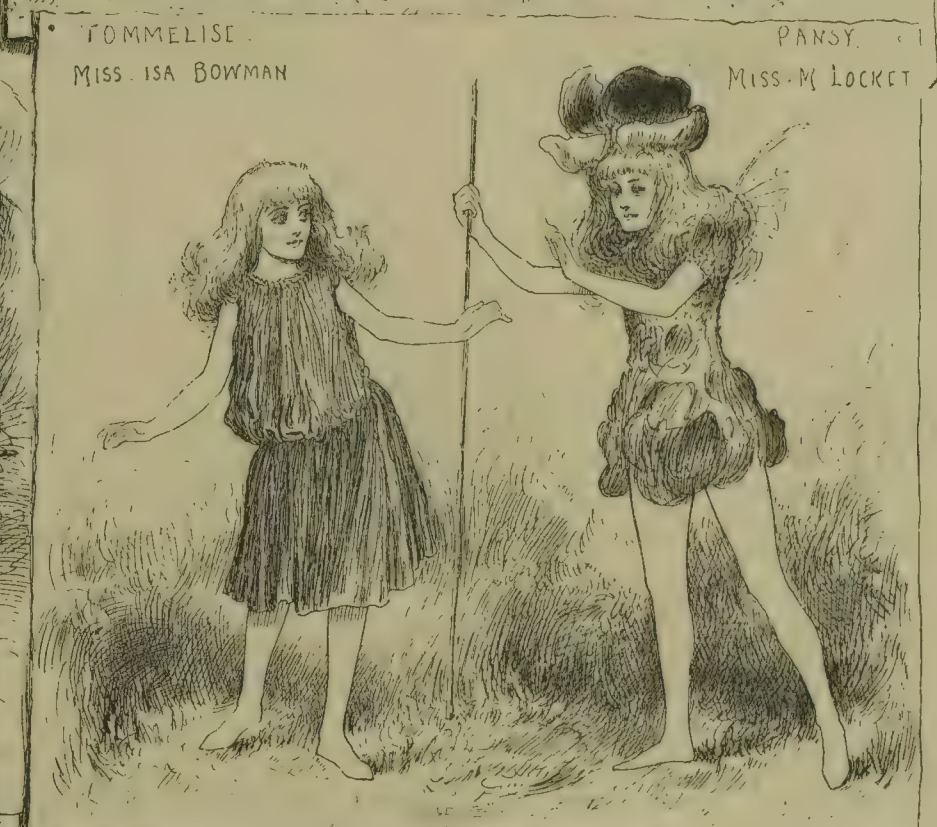
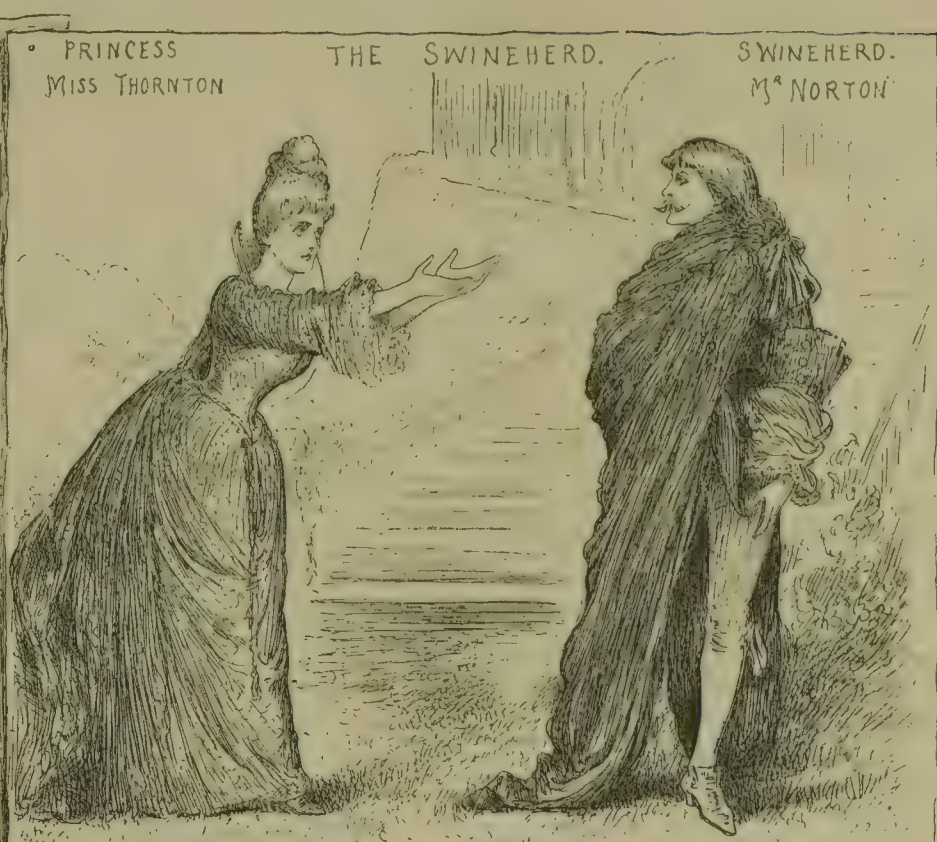
French Men of War.

Italian Men of War.

THE INTERNATIONAL SQUADRONS AT THE OPENING OF THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION.



THE LADY LYING IN JUNE



ANDERSEN'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

The most charming and attractive features of the Anglo-Danish Exhibition and Fête at South Kensington are the exceedingly pretty and effective Tableaux Vivants from the favourite Fairy Stories of the late Hans Christian Andersen, exhibited under the direction of Mr. H. Savile Clarke, who devised the remarkably interesting stage representation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." When we hear of the Princess of Wales herself, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Mand, freely rambling without escort in the Pleasure Gardens of the Exhibition, renewing acquaintance with the picturesquely-attired Danish peasant girls who industriously follow their vocations in the Danish Village, and even daring the exhilarating rushes of the Canadian toboggan slide and the Arctic "Switchback" Railway, it almost seems as if the genius of Hans Andersen had transformed the place into enchanted ground. Hans Christian Andersen being in the ascendant here, it would be manifestly appropriate were Mr. H. Savile Clarke to add to his tableaux a fresh series to illustrate salient episodes in the life of the great Danish author, as simply and naturally related by himself.

Two afternoon performances take place daily in the commodious little Andersen theatre, and form popular preludes to "afternoon tea" in the quaint Danish Village, where a cosy little cottage has been expressly built for the use of the

Princess of Wales. But many prefer to lounge under the trees on the terraces to listen to the gay music of the military bands, and to delay their visit to the theatre till dusk, when the "fairy lamps" are beginning to glimmer. but it is yet too light to appreciate to the full the comprehensive plan of illuminations.

"The Little Match Girl" is the first Tableau Vivant. Nothing more infinitely touching and pathetic could be conceived than Miss Isa Bowman's embodiment of the poor city waif, who, ragged, barefooted, and hungry, wanders foodless through the heartless streets, her appetite vainly sharpened by the "glorious smell of roast goose" Andersen mentions with relish. Soberly tried in his young days by poverty, like Charles Dickens, Hans Christian Andersen evidently entertained a deep and abiding sympathy with poor suffering children. That sympathy is eloquently typified in each beautiful picture of "The Little Match Girl." The homeless wanderer strikes a match, and first sees through a window an enticing Christmas tree with happy children round it. Match after match is struck, conjuring up similar homely scenes, until the last tableau shows the little girl frozen to death, with the snow falling upon her on New Year's Eve. We slip from grave to gay. Very comical are the tableaux which exhibit the vain Emperor who spent his fortune on fine raiment, and who was at length put to shame by the exclamation of a little girl, "But he's got nothing on." To the fairy music of an exquisitely soft chorus, the charming history of

"Tommelise"—of the "Little Tiny" born in a tulip, and ultimately wedded to the Fairy King—is enacted, Miss Isa Bowman again distinguishing herself in the principal part; whilst Miss M. Locket makes a pretty Pansy. The words of the seductive "Fairies' Welcome," sweetly sung behind the scenes, are by Mr. Savile Clarke. Quite dramatic are the ensuing scenes, which reveal how a handsome Prince in vain wooed a haughty Princess, until he, disguised as "The Swineherd," wins her affection by the presentation of a magic saucapan, and spurns her in his turn. Similarly impressive are the closing tableaux, which indicate how a priest exorcises the evil spirit from "The Marsh King's Daughter." One and all of the Andersen tableaux are of great artistic merit; and they will, doubtless, be copied in many a drawing-room and nursery. Each story chosen for illustration by Mr. Savile Clarke is concisely summarised by the lecturer, Mr. George Temple; appropriate scenery has been painted by Mr. E. G. Banks; the tasteful costumes, designed by Mr. Chasemore, have been executed by Mr. Alias; and the skilful grouping is the work of Mr. E. B. Norman. Emerging from the theatre, visitors find that night has fallen, and that the brilliant illumination of the gardens is to be seen to perfection whilst strolling (say) to the measure of the "Douce Souvenance" valse played by Dan Godfrey's band of the Grenadier Guards. We can only hope that the Hospital for Incurables may be richly benefited by these attractive Anglo-Danish Fêtes, really delightful on summer nights.



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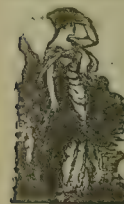
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season tickets, admitting gentleman and lady, 30s; season
tickets for children under sixteen, 10s.LYCEUM.—THE AMBER HEART and
ROBERT MACAIRE. EVERY EVENING at 8.15
precisely. Ellaline, Miss Ellen Terry; Robert Macaire, Mr.
Henry Irving. MORNING PRELIMINARIES—FAUST—
TODAY (SATURDAY) and JUNE 9, at 2.30.

NOTICE.—The Theatre will be closed every Saturday evening
during June. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five.
Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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SANATORIUM, in one of the finest all-the-year-round
climates known. Inland, bracing, 2300 ft. above sea-level,
just within the Southern Temperate Zone; good summer
and winter alike; no change of residence forced on the
invalid by the advance of the seasons. English society
English church. The voyage from England or the United
States is a favourite fair-weather ocean trip. Terms, 10s. to
12s. per diem. Circular, with further particulars, from
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Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road).
Return Tickets from Brighton to London, available for eight days.
Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets.
Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
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From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
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Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations
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PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Day Train Special Express Service (1st and 2nd class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every week-day morning.
Fixed Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).
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Fares—Single, 34s., 25s. 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the Day Tidal Train
Service between Victoria and Newhaven.
A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed
on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will
find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast paddle-steamers,
accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe
frequently in about three-and-a-half hours.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL particulars see Time Books or
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and Cook's Lodge-circus Office.

(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.
(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer COLUMBA or IONA, with Pass-
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Oban, Fort William, Inverness, Lochness, Skye, Gairloch,
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THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, the BALTIC,
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1500-horse power, R. B. LUNHAM, Commander, will be dis-
patched from Tilbury Dock as follows:

June 2, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fiords.
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About Nov. 1 next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND
THE WORLD.

The Victoria is always on view between her cruises, has the
Electric Light, bells, and all modern improvements. For
particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam-Yacht Victoria Office,
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MONTE CARLO

AS A SUMMER RESORT.
For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one
of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the
Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the
sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the
hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths, and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the
Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,
Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in
the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo or in its special
fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate
and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every
kind for relief of cases of illness or disease, or for the
restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place
among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border,
on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the
elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make
it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world. The spot
most frequented by travellers in Europe, in short, Monaco
and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is
only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from
Nice.

CALAIS.—Hôtel Dessin. Highly recom-
mended; close to Quay and Rail. Carriages to Hotel,
whereat a refreshing, quiet night's rest is more desirable than
wearying, expensive sleeping-cars. Cook's Coupons.GRAND HOTEL DU QUIRINAL, ROME.
B. GUGGENBUHL and Co.LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500
rooms; no charge for lighting or service.

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MURREN, Switzerland.—Grand Hôtel des
Alpes. Altitude, 1650 yards. One of the most beautiful
spots in Switzerland. This Hotel is just rebuilt in stone,
and has all modern improvements and comfort; electric
light in every room. Residence of English Chaplain. Lawn
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Steinbach, Lauterbrunnen.PARIS.—Hôtel Continental. The choicest
of the best family hotels. It is extensively patronised
by English families, and offers special comforts of English
home life. Lifts, post office, telephone.ROME.—Minerva Hotel. Healthful position.
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included. Arrangements made at prices relatively cheaper
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TERCENTENARY of the DEFEAT of the SPANISH
ARMADA, and of the BI-CENTENARY of the REVOLU-
TION, brings before the country in the most prominent
manner the debt of gratitude we owe to Protestantism for the
preservation of our national and religious freedom, and for
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perusing the grand and fascinating story of the rise and
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arranged to publish a New Edition, in Monthly Parts, price 1d.,
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around, Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires, And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all The stretching landscape into smoke decays!"



EXT morning is a Sunday—calm and clear and still; a placid sunlight falls on the trees in the College Green, on the pavements, and the closed shop-windows; a soft sound of church bells fills all the tranquil air. And then, when our women-folk, accompanied by Colonel Cameron, have gone away to the Cathedral, a kind of hush falls over this great hotel; the spacious rooms look preternaturally empty; one wonders when Jack Duncombe will have finished his letter-writing, and be ready to set forth on a hunt for the whereabouts of the Nameless Barge.

Presently he comes along into the hall.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he says, as he lights a cigar at the top of the steps. "Fact is, I had rather an important letter to write. Do you know—?" he asks, naming the editor of a well-known evening paper.

"Not personally."

"I chanced to meet him at dinner the very night before I came down to you. We sate next each other, and got on very well. I found he was an eager trout-fisher—most likely taken to it late in life and anxious to make up for lost time; and that he was going down to Derbyshire this summer; so I thought I couldn't do better than tell him that if he was anywhere near my father's place I would see he had the fishing on our preserved water—for we've never anybody down there in June. That seemed to fetch him a little, I think. Then we talked about journalism; and he had seen one or two small things of mine—in *The Londoner*, and elsewhere; and when I told him I was coming down to you, he said, 'Why, what a chance for you to get a lot of miscellaneous reviewing done. If you like, I will send you down a parcel of books—for short notices only—and it will be no trouble to you to look through them as you are sailing along. It will help you to pass the time.' You needn't imagine I refused—for a small beginning is better than nothing; and I had to write down where I expected to be in a few days' time: not that I counted too much on it, for I thought it was merely after-dinner good-nature on his part. However, I fancy Derbyshire must have stuck in his mind; for this morning there comes a letter saying the books had been sent off—so, I suppose, I ought to get them the first thing to-morrow."

Here one pauses—as we are passing along these sunlit Bristol streets—to regard him: is there any outward sign of transformation?

"So this is the end of all your rage and contempt and abuse? You've become a critic yourself?"

"Oh, well," he says, with the coolest effrontery, "the critics of books and plays and pictures don't do much harm. They don't, indeed. They're all contradicting each other; and the public see that and judge for themselves. The public are the final judge. No," he continues (and really this Short-noticer is beginning to talk with an air of authority); "the critics who do positive harm are the critics of life—the writers who from day to day and from week to week pour out morbid and distorting and belittling opinions about human nature and human affairs. I suppose, now, the ordinary Englishman never reflects that he spends nearly all his leisure time in the society of journalists. They are his companions—whether he is traveling in a railway-carriage, or toasting his toes before the dining-room fire. It is their views of things that he unconsciously adopts. When he goes into his club of an afternoon, he nods to this acquaintance or to that; but he seldom stops to consult them about things in general; he passes into the reading-room, and takes up an evening paper, and listens to what it has to say about every subject in the known world. And who is it he is actually listening to?" the young man goes on—as we make our way down and across the bridge, where there are numerous groups of idlers on this quiet Sunday morning. "Of course, it may chance to be some quite sensible and well-informed person; but as likely as not it is some literary fellow whose nerves have all gone to bits, or whose liver has got all wrong. Or it may be some poor creature of a woman disappointed of a husband, or, worse still, with a husband gone to the bad, whom she has to support. And of course the literary fellow can't take a healthy and wholesome view of anything—a cheap sort of cynicism comes most natural to him, or a still more hopeless pessimism; and the woman is morose and bitter; and so, between them, they present you with a very charming picture of what is going on in the world. We are all of us hypocrites, and worse. Statesmen make a pretence of caring for their country; but we know better; place—salary—that is their aim. Literature, art, and science

are cultivated merely for the money they can produce. Married women drink in secret. Married men, when they can afford it, keep a seraglio. Girls are eager to sell themselves in the marriage-market to the highest bidder. Even children only pretend to like Christmas—they see through the sham sentiment, the affected merry-making. And so on—you know the kind of thing. To be disgusted with everything—to believe in nothing—that's the cue. Well, now," he continues, with much cheerful complacency, "in my Utopia I am going to have my journalists trained. They are the modern teachers and preachers; they must be brought up to have a healthy sympathy with all forms of human activity. Cricket and football of great importance. They must ride, and shoot, and skate, and play lawn-tennis. Then they must travel, and learn how people live in other countries; they must talk at least three modern languages; they must visit every part of the British Empire, to see for themselves how so great a structure is maintained."

"Yes," one says to him, "all that is very excellent. But have you the slightest notion where we are likely to find Captain Columbus?"

"Ah," he says, with some disappointment, "you have no regard for the welfare of your native country."

"I thought it was Utopia you were talking about. And that is a long way away. Whereas this Floating Harbour—here at hand—is quite enough of a conundrum; and we are bound to find the boat before we go back."

"If the pirates haven't boarded her and run away with her," he says, as we continue our patient trudge along the almost deserted quays.

But after long hunting we at length discovered the Nameless Barge, in a kind of *cul-de-sac*, lying outside some empty coal-boats; and, having clambered over these and got on board, we found Murdoch in sole possession, Columbus and the Horse-Marine having gone off to visit the town.

"Well, Murdoch," one naturally inquired, "I suppose you saw nothing more of those rascals yesterday?"

"Indeed yes, Sir," Murdoch answered with a grin. "They came back to the boat."

"What for?"

"Well, Sir, they said you had told them they were to come and get a bottle of champagne."

"You didn't give it to them, surely?"

"Not me, Sir! I chist told them they were liars, and to go aweh."

"And then?"

"Well, then, Sir, they threepit* and better threepit; and I said I would not give them a bottle of champagne, or a bottle of anything else; and I was thinking one o' them wass for coming into the boat, so I took up an oar." Here Murdoch grinned again. "Oh, ay, Sir, they sah I wass ready."

"Ready for what?"

For his coming on board?"

"Chist that, Sir.

If he had tried to come on board, I would have splut his skull," said Murdoch, coolly. "And they sah I wass ready for them; and then there wass a good dale of sweering, and they went aweh."

We now inquired of him whether he had any nervous qualms about being left alone on board in this pirate-infested city; but Murdoch's mind was quite easy on that point. Indeed, we discovered that Columbus and the Horse-Marine were coming back at one o'clock to fetch him away for an exploration of the wonders of Bristol city, the friendly owner of a neighbouring smack having offered to keep an eye on the Nameless Barge during the afternoon. So we left full instructions about our departure on the morrow, and made our way ashore again.

Now, as those other people would not be back from the Cathedral till near lunch-time, we set forth on a long ramble to fill in the interval—wandering along the old-fashioned streets, and admiring here and there an ancient gable or latticed window, visiting a church or two (we incontinently broke the tenth commandment in regarding the beautiful old oak pews in St. Mary Redcliffe), and generally finding ourselves being brought up sharply by the twisting and impassable harbour. It was during this aimless perambulation that Jack Duncombe made a confession of far greater importance than his

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change of views about the function of criticism. What led up to it one does not precisely remember; perhaps it was merely the opportunity; for there were not many chances of talking in confidence on board the Nameless Barge. At all events, it was when we were walking down Redcliffe Hill that he began to say—

"Well, I shall be glad when we get away from these towns into the quiet, pastoral districts again. Living on board is ever so much better fun than putting up at an hotel. It used to be so delightful to have merely to choose out a meadow and a few willow-stumps, and pass the night where you pleased. I am looking forward to the Kennet and Avon; and I don't mind telling you that I hope to enjoy this last part of the trip a great deal more than any that came before."

"Naturally. The consciousness of having attained to the dignity of being a reviewer."

"Oh, no; not that," he says simply. "But, of course, that will be a pleasant occupation. And won't I astonish my editor-friend by my thoroughness! There's no reason why short notices shouldn't be well done—not the least; and I have no cause for scamping; I have plenty of time. Oh, I'll show him something. But it isn't that at all that promises to make the last part of this trip rather gay for me. No. The truth is, when I had to leave you at Warwick, I was in a little bit of a scrape."

"We guessed as much."

"And it threatened to become a rather serious scrape. I suppose I may tell you the story, now that it's all over. You see, there is a young lady"—

"Of course."

"Yes, there generally is; but this one is a ward in Chancery," he remarks calmly.

"What?"

"A ward in Chancery—that is where the trouble comes in. Her mother is a waspish old vinegar-cruet—tremendously proud of her ancestry—the family have been settled in Wilts since the time of Edward III.—at least so they say—and of course she hates me like poison. I can fancy the old cat crying 'Imagine Maud marrying the son of a man who hasn't even a coat of arms on his carriage!' And I suppose it was she who set the guardians against me; though what I had done I don't know—except that the paragraph devoted to us in the 'County Families of the United Kingdom' is uncommonly short. Well, you know, that talk about Edward III. is ridiculous nowadays," continues this garrulous and discursive young man. "I call it ridiculous. If you can paint a picture, or compose a piece of music, or write a successful book,



* Threepit = maintained or asserted.

that is something to show for yourself. That is what you can do. But merely because some old robber and thief got hold of a lump of land in the fourteenth century, and because your family have stuck to it like limpets ever since—to be proud of that!"

"But about the guardians?" one says to him.

"Oh, they declared that the young lady should remain perfectly free and unbiassed until she came of age: when a girl reaches twenty-one, she suddenly becomes wise—I suppose that's the theory. Well, neither of us seemed to see the fun of that arrangement; and then the guardians proceeded to extremities, yes, they did their little best—or shabbiest, as one might say; they applied to the Vice-Chancellor, and he issued an order directing that all communication should cease between her and me. It seemed hard—and it was hard, for a while. Then one naturally began to think of how to mitigate these cruel circumstances."

"That means, I suppose, that you communicated with her all the same?"

"They pretended to think so," observes the young man, very slowly. "You see, it is very difficult to define what communications are—very difficult; and you can't expect lawyers to have large and liberal views. In fact, the Court of Chancery have no sense of humour whatever. If they think you're playing tricks, they only grow morose. Well, I tell you, when I left you at Warwick, I was in a devil of a fix and no mistake; I had visions of a scene in court, the Vice-Chancellor whisking thunder and lightning all about my head, and finally sending me off to Holloway prison to purge my contempt. And the trouble I had to explain and apologise and give assurances by the yard—I assure you it required a great deal of tact to appear very penitential and yet maintain that there was nothing for you to be penitential about."

"So you are engaged to be married, are you?" one says to him (involuntarily recalling certain of Queen Tita's wistful dreams and fancies).

"We've been engaged these two years," he makes answer, "but it has been kept very quiet, owing to that absurd opposition. However, that will soon be all over. Miss Hanbury—I may as well tell you her name—will be of age in about six months. And then," he adds, in a hesitating kind of way, "I should like your wife to see her. And—and—we shall be going by Devizes, you know."

"Yes?"

"Well—the fact is—Miss Hanbury has plenty of pluck, you understand. and if your wife were so awfully good-natured as to send her a little bit of a note, she'd drive over



"Here are a lot of similes and metaphors that I fancy could be worked in."

to some appointed place—she and her sister drive all about the country in a little pony-chaise of their own; and then Murdoch could hold the pony, and the two girls pop into the saloon; and you'd give them a snack of lunch. I think it would be very jolly—they're rattling nice girls—plenty of fun in them."

"And this is what you call obeying the Vice-Chancellor's order, is it?" one demands of him.

"Oh! I should have nothing to do with it. If your wife asks two young ladies to come and look at a house-boat, how can I help it? I'll sit dumb all the time if you like."

"What kind of treatment do they give you in Holloway?"

"Not at all bad, if you're a first-class misdemeanant."

"Do they crop your hair?"

"Certainly not!" (He seemed to have been making inquiries.)

"Anything to drink?"

"A pint of claret with your dinner, or something of that sort."

"Books?"

"Oh! yes."

"Then you could fill in the time with reviews and short notices. All right, we'll consider that project when we get along into Wiltshire."

Just as we arrived at the entrance to the hotel, we could see the other members of our party coming across the College Green—through the dappled sun and shade beneath the trees. Notwithstanding her partly-veiled face, it was clear that Miss Peggy was laughing merrily; and Colonel Cameron, who was apparently responsible for this breach of Sabbath decorum, had his eyes fixed on the ground; Queen Tita was looking elsewhere.

"By Jove, what a handsome girl that is!" said Jack Duncombe, involuntarily, as he, too, caught sight of the tall young lady.

"Has that never struck you before?"

"Oh! yes, of course—but somehow—in the open sunlight—when you see her at a distance—her figure tells so well."

"Now that one thinks of it, my young friend, for a person engaged to be married, you seemed to pay a good deal of attention to Miss Rosslyn at one time, and that not so long ago. One might have been excused for thinking that you had serious views."



Bristol Cabmen.

"About Miss Rosslyn," said he, with evident surprise. "No, surely not! I have cheek for most things; but not for that!"

Well; this was a modest speech, at any rate.

"Of course, being so much with her on the boat," he said, "there were plenty of chances of becoming very friendly; and, I daresay, being shut off from the rest of the world like that, a kind of mutual confidence sprang up—besides, when a girl is exceedingly pretty, and very good-natured, and full of high spirits and enjoyment, you want to make yourself as agreeable as you can."

"Oh! you do; do you?"

"Why, naturally!"

"But without prejudice to the young lady under the guardianship of the Vice-Chancellor?"

"I am quite sure of this, that Miss Rosslyn has perfectly understood our relations all the way through," he answered. "I am quite certain of that. Why, if I had been quite free from any engagement, I could not have presumed—I would not have presumed—to regard her with any ambitious hopes of that kind."

"Really!" In truth, the young man's modesty was quite touching.

"Besides," he said, in a lower voice (for they were now crossing the street), "it is as clear as noonday who absorbs all her interest now. A precious lucky fellow he is—that is my opinion."

Of course there was no further word to be said: for the new comers were here, and together we went up the steps of the hotel and made for the coffee-room—the women-folk not staying to remove their bonnets. They had a great deal to say about Norman gateways, and beautiful windows, and impressive music; and it was not for some time that one had an opportunity of pointing out to them the distinguished honour that was now being done them.

"You wouldn't be chattering like that," one remarked to them at length; "you would be silent with a reverential awe—if you only knew who was seated at this table."

"Who?"—and there was a startled glance round for Banquo's ghost.

"A Reviewer! There—look at him—he seems harmless enough—but he has become an adjudicator of life and death—the Bloody Assizes begin to-morrow!"

"Is it true, Mr. Duncombe?" Queen Tita cried forthwith.

"Have you turned critic?"

"Only in a small way," he said lightly. "There are some books coming down to-morrow, I believe."

"Oh, we'll all help you!" Miss Peggy exclaimed, with generous ardour. "We'll read them from end to end—every line—and give you the most disinterested opinions!"

"That is precisely what I want," said he, instantly rising to the occasion. "I want to astonish my editor-friend. He has asked only for paragraphs; but I'll show him what paragraphs can be—an epigram in every line, or I'm a Dutchman. Isn't it lucky I happened to bring my memorandum-book? You remember, Miss Rosslyn, when I ventured to show you some of my jottings—well, they didn't seem to meet with general approval—perhaps, being detached in that way."

"Yes," said she shyly, "they *did* sound rather detached, didn't they?"

"But when I can insert them cunningly into a critical notice—when I can lead up to them—it will be quite different. Well, I'll take you all into my confidence. After dinner to-night, I will submit some more of those memoranda for your judgment—and you must be quite frank—you needn't fear my pride being wounded. Then you might give me suggestions as to how to use them."

"Hadm't we better wait for the books?" Queen Tita suggested, as a member of this Joint-Stock Critical Company.

"Oh, no," rejoined the Short-noticer, "you can sample the raw materials, and then I'll see how they can be made up for use afterwards. Of course, if they don't strike you as being worth anything, then I'll drop them at once."

After luncheon we got a carriage and drove away out to the famous downs of which Bristol is very naturally proud. It was a beautiful afternoon—a light westerly wind tempering the hot glare of the sun; and there was everywhere a summer-like profusion of foliage and blossom—of red and white hawthorn, of purple lilac and golden laburnum—in the pretty gardens that front the long-ascending White Ladies-road. Arrived at the downs, we of course proceeded on foot, across the undulating pasture-land bestrewn with squat hawthorn-bushes, that were now all powdered over with pink-white or cream-white bloom. The view from these heights was magnificent: beyond the luxuriant woods in the neighbourhood of the Avon which were all golden-green in the warm afternoon light the wide landscape retreated fold upon fold and ridge upon ridge to the high horizon line, becoming bluer and bluer till lost in the pale southern sky. It was only here or there that some far hill or hamlet, some church-spire, or wood-crowned knoll, caught that golden glow, and shone faint and dim; mere distance subdued all local colour, and the successive landscape-

waves that rolled out to the horizon were but so many different shades of atmospheric azure, lightening or deepening according to the nature of the country. Of topographical knowledge we had none; we only knew that this was a bit of England; and a very fair and pleasant sight it seemed to be.

And then, again, from these lofty heights, we made our way down the steep slopes that overhang the river, by pathways flecked with sunlight and shade, and through umbrageous woods that offered a welcome shelter on this hot afternoon. Truly Bristol is a fortunate city to have such picturesque and pleasant open spaces in her immediate neighbourhood; and she has done wisely in not employing too much of the art of the landscape-gardener. There is sufficient of the wilderness about these hanging woods—though there are also smooth winding ways for those who object to scrambling and climbing. And on this quiet Sunday evening both Queen Tita and her young American friend distinctly refused to quit the common, familiar paths. It was in vain that Mr. Jack Duncombe endeavoured to lure them into the pursuit of short-cuts. They called him Chingachgook, and told him to go away. Colonel Cameron said he envied the Bristol boys if they were allowed to come birds'-nesting in these wilds in the early spring: the number of blackbirds that flew shrieking this way and that through the bushes was extraordinary.

Then we climbed up again to the summit of Clifton Down (Durdham Down had been the beginning of our wanderings) and found another spacious landscape all around us—the deep chasm of the river right beneath; high in the air, but still far below us, the Suspension Bridge; over to the west the beautiful woods of Leigh; and beyond these the stretch of fertile country that lies between the Avon and the Severn. It seemed sad to think that a city like Bristol, with its famous annals and noble traditions, to say nothing of its romantic and picturesque surroundings, should in this nineteenth century be the resort and shelter of pirates. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance that by this time one or other of them must have had his head broken; perhaps two of them were murdered; more probably the whole three of them were in the police-cells; and meanwhile, as our womenfolk had done a good deal of walking on this warm afternoon, we proposed that they should drive back to the hotel, there being plenty of open flies at the base of the hill.

On our way into the town the time was profitably spent in giving sage advice to our young Reviewer about the new career on which he was entering; and as one after another took up the task, it was really astonishing what a number of things he was expected to do and avoid. The anxiety of these good people about his success was quite touching. They laid down rules of guidance for him; they supplied him with quotations of anything but a recondite character; they even constructed expressions for him which would be effective as coming from the critical chair. Mr. Jack Duncombe took all this "badgering" (as he was pleased to call it) good-naturedly enough; nay, he himself made merry over the phrase "the true Shakespearian touch" being applied, as it usually is applied, to this or that writer of hopeless obscurity of manner and matter.



He listened—especially when Miss Peggy joined in.

"Why, the great minds of the world," he exclaimed—"Shakespeare, Homer, Milton, Dante—have invariably been as clear as daylight—their meaning clear as daylight—their style as clear as daylight; and when you get some fellow pudding about in the mudholes of metaphysics—like a duck in a horsepond with its head under water—and you talk of him having the true Shakespearean touch!"

"But above all," one remarked to him, "you must preach conciseness. Drive that into their heads, whatever you do. Formerly, literature was a leisurely sort of thing; and you dawdled along with a writer, arm-in-arm, just as long as you wanted his company. But that's all over. Modern hurry won't have anything of that kind. Literature must be boiled down and compressed—Liebig's Extract—try our own condensed butter-milk. You don't lead up to a situation of interest; you reveal it by a lightning flash!"

"That's rather a pretty derangement," he observed casually.

"And I will give you an example, so that you may see what condensation is. Here are three lines—three short lines—

'Mr. Fraser

'Took a razor:

'Damme,' says he, "but I'll amaze her!"

Now, do you see that? That is a lightning-flash situation. The whole position is described; not a superfluous word; not a single useless accessory; Mr. Fraser is the central and commanding figure; there are no 'minor characters' brought in to distract attention. Now, that is what you, as a Reviewer, must insist on. There must be no rambling. When you go to your butcher for a beef-steak, it's the beef-steak you want; why should you be expected to look at the rosettes of ribbon he has stuck on his loins of pork? Business is business—you keep them to that. Hammer it into them. Show them the legend of Mr. Fraser—that is the lightning-flash style."

"You, all of you, seem to find it rather an amusing kind of thing," he complained meekly, "that I should have been asked to write a few notices."

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Duncombe," Queen Tita said at once, "that we are quite seriously anxious you should succeed. And I'm sure it can be no joke for the poor trembling wretches who are awaiting your verdict."

"Oh, as for that," said he, cheerfully, "I will take a lesson from a friend of mine, who was elected at the Reform at a time when there was a good deal of pilling going on. The only way he could think of showing his gratitude was by voting for every candidate who came on for ballot during the first twelve months after his election. If I'm to be called to the chair of Rhadamanthus, I'll begin with a year's leniency."

"That is very right, at all events, Mr. Duncombe," Miss Peggy put in approvingly; and therewith we drew up at the steps of the hotel.

At dinner we had our prospects for the morrow to discuss: but also we had our battles of the previous day to fight over again; and it was observable that Colonel Cameron lost no opportunity of magnifying the possibility of danger attending that passage down the Severn. But a soldier is no diplomatist; we knew well enough what was meant by all this talk about heavy seas and head winds and leaky timbers. It was merely to convince the two women that they had shown the most heroic courage. Well, perhaps they had. They didn't shriek when they saw the water swashing about the saloon. When we were at the roughest part of the voyage they merely sate a little silent—that was all. But one who has remarked the ways of women in somewhat similar circumstances may be pardoned for suspecting that they were in such dread of becoming sea-sick as to be quite oblivious of any other danger; and that they feared neither wind nor waves because they had no time to think of them.

"But I can't make out," says Miss Peggy, "what that sickle of a moon was doing up there in the east-at half-past two in the morning. Of course you lazy people didn't see that; but that was the first thing I noticed when I got out. And we lost the moon so long ago!"

"But the moon is always doing ridiculous things," Jack Duncombe declares; adding, with a fine audacity, "It burned blue at the battle of Dunbar."

"Oh, get out!" one says to this flippant person.

"But it did," he maintains; "for Carlyle says so in his 'Letters and Speeches of Cromwell.' You turn up and see."

Now, what was one to answer? We had not the book with us. Besides, he was a Reviewer; and what is the use of disputing with a Reviewer?

"Of course it must occasionally burn blue," observed Miss Peggy, "or what would be the meaning of the phrase 'Once in a blue moon'?" Here was another instance of the way in which American children are brought up. Who asked for her interference in a matter being discussed by her elders?

"At all events," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "there will be no half-past two for us to-morrow morning, if we are going no further than Bath. And certainly we must wait for your parcel of books, Mr. Duncombe, even if we shouldn't start till mid-day. For we are going to do our very best for you—all of us. There will be such a reading, and judging, and sifting as you never heard of. I think each volume should be the subject of a general debate."

"I wonder what my editor-friend will think of these inspired paragraphs," Mr. Duncombe remarked modestly. "I shouldn't wonder if he felt quite ashamed to reflect that he had put me on to short notices. The most likely thing is that he will at once ask me to come and edit the paper in his place."

But the worst of it was that while we were thus conspiring together to write a series of short reviews such as the world had never seen the like of before, we presently found that we were to get next to no help from the materials stored up in Jack Duncombe's note-book. When dinner had been cleared away, and cigars and claret placed on the table in our quiet little sitting-room, the young man proceeded, with the utmost frankness, to submit for our judgment the various observations, epigrams, metaphors, jibes, and so forth, that he had recently jotted down; but what could we do with them—or rather, what could he do with them? Here and there one or other of them might have been introduced into the dialogue of a play, or into the conversation of a novel; but the horse and the Horse-Marine hauling in front, and five able-bodied men shoving behind, couldn't have got these quips and japes juggled into a newspaper article. Not that he complained of our objections. No. What he sought, he said, was honest help and counsel; and if these memoranda were impracticable for his present purpose, they might come in useful at some future time.

"Here, now," he went on, regarding the small scribbled pages, "is a woman so convinced of her son's inability to do anything that she says, 'Well, if you want to see the Thames frozen over, you just get our Jim to try to set it on fire.' Couldn't I make some use of that? Couldn't I say it of the author of a bad book?"

"No," said Miss Peggy, promptly, "not for a year, at least. For a year you are to say nothing cruel."

"Very well; how about this?"—"An Irishman thinks of what he can do to worry England; an Englishman thinks of

what he can do for himself; a Scotchman thinks of what he can do for Bonnie Scotland."

"Well, now, that is very good—that is very good, indeed!" Queen Tita exclaimed, with unusual warmth. "That is excellent, Mr. Duncombe!"

But Mr. Duncombe made answer, rather sadly—

"I perceive that the merit of an aphorism doesn't lie in its truth, but in the way it appeals to one's prejudices. I know, for myself, that I always consider an article extremely well-written and unanswerable when it expresses my own view of a subject. However, I don't see my way to use that, until I come across a Scotch editor."

Sir Ewen Cameron, it will be observed, was not taking any part in these literary discussions. But he listened—especially when Miss Peggy joined in; and he had secured a comfortable lounging-chair; and his cigar seemed to afford him satisfaction. Jack Duncombe continued,

"Here are a lot of similes and metaphors—oh, rather, metaphorical phrases—that I fancy could be worked in, to give a little touch of picturesqueness, don't you know. 'As crabbed and vexatious as the bones of a red mullet.' Couldn't one say that of a writer's style? Or of his temper? I think so. 'As hoarse as a black-throated diver'!"

"But wait a bit—is the black-throated diver a particularly hoarse bird?" one ventures to ask.

"I haven't the least idea," he says coolly; "but then, neither has anyone else. And it looks knowing. Oh, yes; I'll find plenty of use for these phrases. I'll dot them all over my sentences to give them a kind of picturesqueness. But what's this?—it opens well, at any rate: 'If, in the depths of the abysmal forests'—doesn't that sound fine?"

"Very fine, indeed!" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit.

"If, in the depths of the abysmal forests, some fifty millions of ages ago, there had lived an ancient seer—a hoary and prophetic ape—a quadrumanous Merlin—who could have looked into futurity and foreseen that the development of his kind would lead to the production of Offenbach's music and the facetiousness of the thorough-bred Cockney, wouldn't he have gone down on his knees, and wept, and howled, and prayed to the gods for the instant annihilation of the entire race?" That sounds very splendid; but I'm afraid it would involve me in controversy. Hello—here's more about evolution: 'For millions and millions of years Nature's system provided that the wild beasts of the earth should prey upon each other, thus effecting a fair kind of compromise. But in these later days a new species of predatory animal has sprung up, on whom there is no check whatever, and the various races of mankind are left helpless before its furious and savage attacks'—

Here he suddenly, but very quietly, closed the book; and methodically put the elastic band round it; and consigned it to his pocket. In Miss Peggy's eyes there was a quick glimmer of laughing intelligence; Mrs. Threepenny-bit and the Colonel, on the other hand, sate wondering.

"Yes, but you didn't finish, Mr. Duncombe," said the former. "Who or what are these predatory animals?"

"That was written before your conversion, Mr. Duncombe?" Miss Peggy said, looking at him.

"Yes," he answered gravely. "Now I am called Paul."

And then, without any further explanation, he proceeded to say that, after all, Queen Tita was right; and that it would be better to wait for the books themselves to suggest opportunities for the dovetailing in of these fragments of personal experience or reflection. But he counted on our collaboration none the less, he said. The Nameless Barge, during the next day or two, was to become a kind of reviewing-shop; with a number of industrious apprentices all working away at the same job, or series of jobs. Nothing was said about remuneration; perhaps the astonishment and delight and abundant gratitude of the British public were to be our sufficient and glorious reward.

But it was not at all about Mr. Duncombe's future career as a critic that Mrs. Threepenny-bit was concerned when, later on that night, a chance occurred of communicating to her the news of his engagement. At first she professed nothing but a lofty acquiescence. She hoped that the objections of the mamma and of the guardians were founded on nothing but prejudice, and would be removed: as far as she was aware, Mr. Duncombe was a very well conducted, agreeable, and rather clever young man. And if, as she presumed, the young lady was well off, and if the marriage took place, they would probably settle down in the country, with perhaps a house in town; and he would give up dabbling in those vague literary pursuits that promised him nothing but inky fingers and disappointed ambition. He would be better employed in fencing plantations than in writing farces for comic theatres. So it may be said that she, somewhat coldly, approved.

But presently she asked this question—

"And Mr. Duncombe was actually engaged to be married when he started with us at the beginning of this trip?"

"Undoubtedly. He says so."

"Well; it is no business of mine. But I cannot imagine why he should have kept his engagement a secret. It seems to me that when an unmarried young man is asked to make up a party of this kind, and conceals the fact of his being engaged—well, it is very like joining under false pretences."

Which was rather a strange speech for a woman who had declared again and again that she had not a single match-making idea in her head when we planned the voyage of the Nameless Barge.

(To be continued.)

Another party, making the third batch of emigrants this season from Mr. Charrington's Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road, have left for Canada. They are all going to friends established there.

The latest large donation to the Gladstone Library of the National Liberal Club is £100 from Mr. George Armitstead, of Cleveland-square, ex-M.P. for Dundee.—The three days' receipts at the Liberal Bazaar and Irish Fair at Plymouth reached a total of about £1500.

The members of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, holding a conference in the eastern counties, paid visits of inspection on May 24 to several famous herds and flocks, including a visit to Ickworth Park, where they were received by the Marquis of Bristol, president of the association. Subsequently they met in conference at Norwich, when a paper by Professor Long, on "Profitable Summer Dairying," was read and discussed. Next day the conference was brought to a conclusion at Sandringham, where a luncheon was given by the Prince of Wales.

The annual meeting of the Linnæan Society, which was also its centenary, was held on May 24 at Burlington House—the president, Mr. W. Carruthers, in the chair. The King of Sweden and Norway was elected an honorary fellow. Eulogies were pronounced on Linnæus, Darwin, Robert Brown, and George Bentham. The society's newly-instituted gold medal was presented to Sir Richard Owen and Sir Joseph Hooker, as the foremost representatives of its zoological and botanical departments. In the evening the fellows of the society dined at the Hotel Victoria.

NOVELS.

A Fair Crusader. By William Westall. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—In this novel, which professes to be "a Story of To-day," the contemporary religious freaks of the Salvation Army, with its peremptory reclamation of some victims of the grosser sins and vices, figure in the company which styles itself "The New Crusaders." A female preacher called Sister Evelyn, who has a romantic private history, attracts the notice of Mr. George Brandon at the popular seaside resort of Whiteshingles; and he soon afterwards meets her again, as Miss Waters, in the home of some old friends near London. He was once in the Indian Army, but left it to join a Bombay mercantile firm, and is possessed of nearly £200,000 when he returns to England at the age of thirty-five. A half-brother, much older, Mr. Peter Brandon, has married a wicked Frenchwoman, Rufine, the daughter of a physician, and cunning in the use of drugs, who conspires to prevent George taking a wife, as he has made a will giving half his money to his brother's children. Evelyn, the lady crusader, proves to be the orphan daughter of a General Waters, formerly known to George Brandon or to his brother officers in India. She has the misfortune to have been wedded to one Conroy, who was a criminal swindler in the City, and who was arrested on the wedding-day, an hour or two after the ceremony, convicted of forgery, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. It might be supposed that, under these circumstances, the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes would legally relieve her from a bond which had never been consummated; but the lawyers of Mr. Westall's story hold an opinion—and they ought to know—that her unhappy marriage cannot be declared null and void. So the noble young woman, responding without the slightest reserve to George Brandon's declaration of love, and ready as she is to quit her Gospel mission and to live with him, if he would accept the sacrifice, on terms of intimacy dispensing with the nuptial sanction, cannot become his lawful wife until Conroy's death. The intrigues of Mrs. Peter Brandon, the feminine devil opposed to the feminine angel, go to considerable extremities, involving a murderous attempt to poison George, a guest in her house, by tampering with his medicine, from which he is rescued by the skill of Dr. Harold Minton, the husband of his sister Mary—a clever medical man ruined by a fatal propensity to drinking. Rufine is actually detected in her poisoning tricks by the vigilance of Brandon's native Indian servant, but the crime is not publicly exposed. His restoration to health is accelerated by the joyful report that the convict, Wilton Conroy, has died in Dartmoor Prison. George and Evelyn thereupon marry, but the author of the story has yet to exhibit one more *tour de force*. The final act presents a shipwreck; a stranger whom George saves from drowning; the identification of this man as Wilton Conroy, who had escaped from prison by changing names with another convict; the distress of Evelyn at his re-appearance; but, immediately afterwards, the killing of him—and no mistake this time—by some unknown assassin, leaving his wife once more free to be Mrs. George Brandon. These surprising adventures in the career of "A Fair Crusader" might be addressed to those who cannot yet answer the important question, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" But they scarcely agree with the world of our present experience.

Loyalty George. By Mrs. Parr. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The person named in this title is not a young man baptised George, but a young woman whose grandfather is old Jake George, and whose mother, Susan George, was the wife of Dick Kellow, an impressed seaman of the fleet at the Nore when the famous Mutiny took place. It was on board H.M.S. Loyalty that Kellow was hanged for striking his superior officer, Lieutenant Carleton Hamlyn; and his baby-girl, called Loyalty after the ship, having been brought up by old George on the South Devon coast near Plymouth, is known to the villagers as "Loyalty George." She is a brave, honest, affectionate, beautiful, untutored girl, frankly in love with one Roger Coode, who is not good enough for her: a wild temper, a taste for drink, and bad company too often lead him astray. The scenes and actions lie mainly among seafaring or fishery folk on the sequestered shores between the Plym and the Yealm; their speech, not excepting that of the heroine, is uncouthly rude, and so are their manners; yet the character of Loyalty is noble, and is a refreshing change, in its robust vigour, from the insipid young ladies and the affected votaries of refined elegance, who abound in fashionable novels. Its main development is in her faithful and courageous struggles to control the recklessness of her lover, and in her defiant endurance of the conduct of unkind neighbours who entertain a prejudice against herself and her kindred, and by whom she has been treated as a sort of outcast. After some time, a middle-aged gentleman residing near there, the one-armed Captain Hamlyn, the very same naval officer who was unhappily associated with the sad fate of Richard Kellow, finds reason to believe that Loyalty is his own natural daughter; and, resolving to claim her openly, to repair the sin and the wrong done in his youth, bestows attentions upon her which are misunderstood by Roger Coode. Complications have also been interposed by his mother's severe dislike of the girl, and by an opportunity of getting him a wife more to her mind in the person of Phoebe Rowe, whose father is an owner of boats, and offers him a partnership. This match being arranged, Loyalty, so cruelly jilted, visits Mrs. Coode with a fierce burst of indignation, while the discovery of her own parentage arouses a tumult of strange feelings in her heart. There is much dramatic power in those passages of the story which concern the revolution that has taken place in her situation with regard to Roger; but her conduct, though passionate and sometimes violent, is upright and pure, and true to the honour of her sex. Old Jake George, having cherished a life-long thirst of vengeance against Hamlyn as the seducer of his daughter Susan and the cause of her husband's shameful death, practises on the mind of Coode, who is in Hamlyn's service as boatman; and he, maddened by a false suspicion of Loyalty's meetings with his master, while she is obliged to be silent about her relationship to him, determines to clutch him and jump overboard with him from the cutter in a trip outside Plymouth Sound. The scene in which this murder is about to be perpetrated, the two men being in the boat alone, with a perilous gale of wind driving them on the rocks, strikes the imagination very forcibly; Hamlyn, fearless of the other's threats, disarms his anger by a confession of the whole truth, by his penitence for the evil deed of his youth and his manifest fatherly affection for Loyalty. They are instantly reconciled; but their lives are now in extreme danger: the boat is disabled and is carried by a raging sea to imminent destruction, watched by the village people on shore with intense anxiety for their fate. Loyalty is there, and she, being expert in the use of an oar, with an old friend of hers called Dunchy, rows out to save her father and her lover, who are picked up the instant their own boat goes to pieces. They are landed in safety through the terrible waves; but the noble girl, striking her head against a rock as she falls amid the surf, dies in the moment of heroic victory; and so ends a tale which few can read without a thrill of admiring sympathy, and which is not less morally wholesome than full of stirring incidents and emotions.

"YOUNG DUCKS."

The little child from the lake-side cottage, perched on the boat-pier to look down on the pretty family of aquatic birds, ducks and chicken, beautiful in their glossy wet plumage, floating on the calm surface of the water above depths unknown, must wonder at their way of life, so different from that of herself, of her baby brother in the cradle at home, and of the feigned experiences of her favourite doll. This is the natural thought suggested by the German artist's pleasing picture; and it seems to open a new world of imaginative speculations, which the wider study of animated nature, if ever she gets a chance of visiting a Zoological collection, or of learning the endless variety of living forms on earth, in the sea, and in the air, will but extend with increasing admiration. There is no end to the marvellous spectacle: from the simple mind of infancy to the philosophic investigations of a Darwin, all human intelligence may find employment in contemplating the diverse structure and habits of organic vital existence, and will never exhaust the interest of Nature's living works.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Gallery No. X., by custom or consent, generally contains some picture "by command." This year Mr. Caton Woodville's "Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice" (999) occupies the place of honour. In spite of its gorgeous costumes and uniforms Mr. Woodville seems to have thrown over the scene a homely air, which adds very considerably to its interest. One feels that it is not a mere Court pageant or State ceremony which is being enacted, but the union of two persons, who enjoy not only exalted stations but human hearts and feelings. By accident or design—it is difficult to say which—another Court scene is to be found in the same room, where Mr. Laslett Pott, under the obscure title "Allis Vanity" (1049), represents Queen Elizabeth, already advanced in age, dancing a jig in order that the Ambassador of the King of Scotland may form no premature hopes of his master's succession to the Throne of England. The two pictures, altogether dissimilar in artistic treatment, have, nevertheless, certain points in common, and at all events suggest a pleasant contrast between the two Queens of whom this country is almost equally proud. By another chance, moreover, this room contains two other pictures showing how Sovereigns are served by their subjects. Mr. Caton Woodville's "Too Late" (1011), depicting the death of General Sir Herbert Stewart on that last tragic march to succour an even greater General, is a worthy reminiscence of a noble life too carelessly endangered. On the other hand, Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Nelson leaving England for the Last Time" (1055) endeavours to convey the dismal forebodings of the great national hero as strongly as the enthusiasm of his numerous admirers. We are free to confess that Mr. Caton Woodville's work seems to us the more complete and the more dignified work of the two. The group of soldiers rallying round their fallen chief is painted with vigour and brightness; whilst the "glum" face of Lord Nelson, for it is impossible to give it another epithet, is repeated with feeble variety in that of all the sailors, who are to row the Admiral's barge. There is, moreover, on this occasion, a heaviness in Mr. Eyre Crowe's touch which is not inherent to his style; and we miss here the dextrous hand which has so often charmed us. Two excellent landscapes, a sea-piece full of brilliancy and movement, and half a dozen portraits, good in themselves or of interesting people, and two character-scenes, sum up the other attractions of this room. Beginning with the last-named, both Mr. Fred Roe's scene from "Barnaby Rudge"—"Mr. Chester at the Maypole Inn" (1039)—and Mr. Schloesser's rendering of the well-known story of Molière reading his play to his housekeeper (1040) are pictures which will arrest attention and give unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's northern landscape, "Cauld Blaws the Wind frae East to West" (994), a woman with her children fighting their way against the snow-blast, almost makes one shiver by its truthful reality and strength; and although it is not his greatest work of the year, it will go far to support his rapidly-rising reputation. Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Upland and Sky" (1024) is a finely-

conceived and well-executed study of atmosphere; and Mr. Clarence Whaite's "Snowdon" (1010) is evidence that this accomplished water-colour painter can produce a picture of Academic dimensions with the skill and delicacy he displays in his smaller works. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Marlow Meadows" (1056) is the only other landscape which fairly bears comparison with Mr. Whaite's for appreciation of English scenery and atmosphere. Amongst the sea-pieces, Mr. C. H. H. Macartney's "Morning after a Gale" (996), although hung too high to be fully appreciated, gives the impression of one who has lived long on the southern coast, and watched with patience the rush of the return wave down the shingly shore. Mr. Macartney's waves have, moreover, an air of reality, arrived at by intuition rather than by prolonged study; and though they may lack the scientific features of Mr. Brett's work, or the depth of Mr. Henry Moore's, they recall to us more vividly

"Esther Denouncing Haman to King Ahasuerus" (1080) is full of action and story. The wretched Haman, who at first would brazen out his version, is cowering before the inspired prophetess, who seems to rise in her scornful denunciation as we look at her. The composition of the work leaves little to be desired; whilst the colour is fresh and bold, but thoroughly harmonious throughout. Mr. S. E. Waller's "Morning of Agincourt" (1115) gives that clever artist an opportunity of displaying his skill in drawing horses; whilst Mr. Charlton's "After the Charge" (1090) tells with almost too truthful brush the results of the charge at Ulundi upon our crack cavalry regiment, the 17th Lancers. Miss Beatrice Meyer, whose name is unfamiliar to us, sends almost the best and most successful specimen of purely historical painting, "The Betrothal" (1071). It represents an episode in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, when she is given up by her parents to the Ambassadors of

Thuringia to be betrothed to Duke Louis. In the faces of the chief characters the mingled feelings by which they are animated are delicately insisted upon, and the work itself is full of qualities which promise a brilliant future to the artist. Mr. Horace Cauty's "Maids of the Village" (1106), although nominally a figure study, and one of great merit, is still more noticeable on account of the landscape to which it is set; but, as a study of village life, it falls short of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Village Philharmonic" (1143), composed of three players, each of whom is filled with a sense of his own importance and of the value of his own special instrument. The light falling from the window at the back of the room throws the figures strongly forward; but, such is the skill of the school of which Mr. Forbes is the acknowledged leader, there is an absolute balance maintained throughout. It is some defect or exaggeration of his back light which mars Mr. Lorimer's otherwise successful work, "A Peaceful Art" (1159), which two young ladies interpret as that of embroidery—whilst their mother is gently nodding over her book. Through the deeply-recessed window one looks out on the wintry scene, and one is tempted to ask by what means so much light is thrown on the figures in the foreground? Mr. T. B. Kennington in his touching picture, "Widowed and Fatherless" (1126)—a garret scene which tells its sad tale—has, we think, achieved his management of light more successfully than Mr. Lorimer; but the two works will rank highly in the estimate of the year. Last in order, but, perhaps, first in merit among the pictures of the exhibition, is Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "Hour of Prayer" (1185), the interior of an imposing mosque, across which the sunlight falls with sharply-defined lines, bringing its recesses into prominence, and leaving a certain mystic halo over the rest of the building. Here and there, the faithful



"YOUNG DUCKS."—BY R. BEYSCHLAG.

From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl, of Munich.

than either the sea and the shore to which we have been accustomed from childhood. The portraits which most claim attention are those of Mr. W. H. Peat (1004), by Mr. J. J. Shannon; of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, the United States Minister of War (993), by Miss Ethel Mortlock; of Mr. J. M. Levy (1038), by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, one of his best works of the year; and the graceful portrait of a lady (1007), by Mr. Alfred Hartley.

Gallery No. XI., the last of the rooms devoted to oil paintings, is very far from being the least interesting, and it is not the least distinguishing feature of this exhibition that the pictures have been hung this year with an effort to make all the rooms equally representative. Mr. Pettie's portrait of Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick (1065), in all the glory of his violet satin coat, is quite the best thing the artist exhibits this year, showing powerfully his clever and often bold dealing with brilliant effects of light and shade. Mr. Percy Bigland's portrait of Mrs. Hecht (1097), and that of Mrs. Farebrother (1105), by Mr. T. B. Kennington, are both of them more than ordinarily good instances of the newer portrait-painting which is fast becoming popular with younger artists; but both fall short of the vigour of Mr. W. Carter's portrait of Mr. Pickersgrill Cunliffe (1077). Mr. Allan J. Hook's "Fine Day for Mackerel" (1119) has even more smell of the sea about it than Mr. Ayerst Ingram's too careful and neat "Wake of the Tug" (1108); but the pictures in this room which attract the most attention are the more dramatic in action and the more pathetic in sentiment. Amongst the former, Mr. Ernest Normand's

at prayer are to be seen, in picturesque dress and statuesque pose; whilst the rich details of the pulpit and walls are worked out with consummate care, but in subdued tones. Mr. Farquharson is an artist full of surprises, and this year his two works in these two last rooms show him possessed of a far wider range of power than he had previously displayed.

The Water Colours and Miniatures number over three hundred; but in an exhibition which primarily, at least, regards oil-painting as the only passport to its favours and recognition, the display of such works seems altogether out of place. There is no wish on our part to discourage a branch of art in which the English School has always achieved peculiar distinction. It is rather the Royal Academicians who, whilst ready to take any advantage which its exercise may bring, decline to regard it as an art which they officially recognise. With the facilities now within the reach of all who have attractive wares to display, the Water-Colour Room at Burlington House is an anachronism and, we are forced to add, a mistake. It attracts little or no attention from the public, although the way to the luncheon-rooms now leads through it, and it is, therefore, no material assistance to the artists whose works are displayed. In another way the Black-and-White Room is practically a means for the display of works which have already appeared, or are about to appear, in the shop-windows of every printseller in the kingdom. It is true that the Royal Academicians admit amongst their body a representative of the etchers and line engravers, just as they admit one or two architects; but we should be very much surprised to



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE

learn that the foundations of Mr. T. O. Barlow's or Mr. Norman Shaw's fortunes were laid, or in any degree assisted, by their exhibits at the Royal Academy. The print-sellers and publishers are the natural protectors of the engraver, just as the Institute of Architects is of its own Associates. The drawings exhibited by these professional gentlemen are, doubtless, interesting to themselves, and as they produce for them a card of admission on "varnishing day," it would be wrong to say anything which might seem to be aimed at an unintelligible privilege. Whatever the Council of the Royal Academy may be, no one will accuse them of being wild Reformers or Revolutionists.

The Sculpture of the year is very much below even the usual depressed or depressing average. Of Mr. Alfred Gilbert's successful work we have already spoken, and we must only now add our regret that the four colossal figures—typical, in a sense, of the support of her Majesty's Empire at home and abroad—by which she is surrounded are so little worthy of the central figure. Luckily they are not to come into juxtaposition elsewhere; for neither the Sir Stamford Raffles (1915) and Dr. Fraser, late Bishop of Manchester (1929), by Mr. Woolner, nor Mr. Brock's Sir Bartle Frere (1922), nor Mr. Birch's late Earl of Dudley (1936) rise above the level of mason's statuary. Mr. Nelson Maclean's "Resurrection" (1917), a female figure destined to surmount a family vault, is one of the few works in which anything like imaginative force finds expression; for we honestly can see none in Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Justice and Mercy" (1922), and very little in his "Medea" (1902). In neither do we find that delicacy of touch which, perhaps in a slightly exaggerated form, is the note of Mr. Maclean's work. A more human feeling is aroused by Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of his mother (1946), conceived in the spirit of Donatello's work, as well as by his bust of the late General Gordon (1928); both works revealing a desire to obtain something more lasting and deeper than a mere facial resemblance. As for the bulk of the other Sculpture, it suggests that a desire for business rather than a love of art has guided the chisels and helped the modellers, unless it be that sculpture is now practised by amateurs, who are satisfied in reproducing more or less correct likenesses of their friends.

Here we conclude our remarks on the Academy Exhibition of 1888, the one-hundred-and-twentieth since the Society was originally founded, and we leave our readers and visitors to Burlington House to decide how far the Royal Academy of Arts, by means of which the projectors hoped to achieve so much for English art, has succeeded in training painters to fulfil their mission—as well defined by Matthew Arnold, prefixed, with almost a touch of humour, to this year's catalogue:—

In outward semblance he must give
A moment's life of things that live;
Then let him choose his moment well,
With power divine its story tell.

At a festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Royal Alfred Aged Seamen's Institution, held at the Holborn Restaurant, on May 23, the contributions amounted to £2100.

The Mayor and Corporation of Ryde have been presented with a handsome chain of office subscribed for by the inhabitants. The chain weighs 28 oz., and is richly ornamented with the borough arms, &c.

The altar-cloth which has been completed for St. Paul's Cathedral, has been presented to the cathedral by Miss Noyes, the work having been done by members of the East Grinstead School of Embroidery, at St. Katherine's, 32, Queen-square.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1885) of the Right Hon. Ernest Augustus Mallet Vaughan, Earl of Lisburne, J.P., D.L., late of Crosswood, Cardiganshire, who died on March 31 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on May 15 by the Right Hon. Arthur Henry George Vaughan, Earl of Lisburne, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Alice Dalton, Countess of Lisburne, £500, and a carriage with a pair of horses and the harness; and he confirms the settlement made on their marriage; and to his children by his present wife such sum as, with the £5000 provided for them by settlement, will make up £16,000 each, the same amount as was provided for each child by his first marriage. Such part of his real estate as may not require to be sold to carry out the dispositions of his will is to be settled to go with the Crosswood family estates. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son, the present Peer.

The will of Mr. Robert Alexander Campbell-Johnston, late of No. 84, St. George's-square, Pimlico, who died on Jan. 21 last at St. Raphael Rancho, Los Angeles, California, was proved on May 19 by Captain Alexander Francis Campbell Campbell-Johnston and Augustine Campbell Campbell-Johnston, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to upwards of £81,000. The testator appoints his wife, Mrs. Frances Ellen Campbell-Johnston, legatee of all his real and personal property in France. As to all his property in California, he gives four thirteenths, subject to the payment of the expenses of management, to his wife, and one thirteenth to each of his nine children. He bequeaths three sums of £21,000, £18,000, and £6000 Government and East Indian Stock, upon trust, to pay the annual premiums on certain policies of insurance, and an annuity to his son Alexander Francis, during the joint lives of himself and his (testator's) wife, and, subject thereto, to pay the dividends to his wife, for life; he also gives to his wife the use of his residence in St. George's-square, for life, and £500 and his furniture and effects. The residue of his property he leaves to his nine children.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1888) of Mr. John Bakewell, late of the Old Hall, Balderton, Notts, who died on March 30 last, was proved on May 17 by Richard Philpott, George Simpson, and Charles Herbert Philpott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; £200 to the Newark Hospital and Dispensary; his books, pictures, prints, music, and musical instruments to be divided among his four children; his furniture, wines, plate, and household, stable, and garden effects to his son, John Scales Bakewell; £500 to each of his daughters, Emily Mary, Alice Phebe, and Edith Annie; and £10,000, upon trust, for each of his said daughters. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1887) of Mr. Felix Frederick Taylor, late of No. 39, Wilton-place, Hyde Park, who died on March 28 last, was proved on May 17 by Mrs. Frederica Walsh Taylor, the widow, and Frederick Taylor, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator gives £500 per annum, £100 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to his wife, for life, and then to his son Frederick; £25,000 to his son Frederick; £5000 to his son Harry; and the residue of his property equally between his said two sons.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1877) of Mr. John Broadhurst, formerly of Morecambe, Lancashire, but late of No. 42, Argyle-road, Kensington, who died on March 24 last, was proved on May 14 by Edward Broadhurst and Henry Broadhurst, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, then to his only child, Mary, for life, and then for her husband and children as she shall appoint. There is a legacy of £2000 to his wife contingent on his daughter not having a child at the time of his decease.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1885), with a codicil (dated Nov. 4 following), of Mr. Thomas Smith Child, late of Ellerncroft, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, who died on March 25 last, was proved on May 11 by Matthew Biddle and George Harris Lea, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator devises his property, "Ellerncroft," to his son, the Rev. Thomas Hannington Irving Child. He bequeaths £5000 to his daughter, Mary Grace Child; £5000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent Stock, upon trust, to pay the dividends to his sister, Mary Ann Child, for life, and at her death, as to one moiety of the capital sum for the London Missionary Society, and as to the other moiety for the Baptist Missionary Society, and he requests each of the societies to allot £500 thereof to the Zenana Society in connection therewith, and to employ the remainder of the legacy so bequeathed to it on its work in India. He states that he has made various gifts and advances to his children in his lifetime, and he gives legacies to them, and to his executors and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said daughter, Mary Grace Child.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1859) of the Hon. and Rev. John Gifford, formerly of Widworthy, Devon, but late of Siddington, Gloucestershire, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on May 9 by Major-General Francis Edward Drewe, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, household goods and effects to his wife, Alice Fanny; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his children.

Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the well-known publisher, has offered to the Bishop of Rochester his house and grounds, Knapdale, Upper Tooting, as a residence for the future Suffragan, and the gift has been gratefully accepted, subject to the passing of the Act which is to found the new bishopric.

An extensive block of new buildings, comprising the Bradby Hall, a new gymnasium, class-rooms, laboratory, and carpenter's shops, erected at a cost of between £11,000 and £12,000, has been opened at Haileybury College, near Hertford. The hall has been built as a memorial to Canon Bradby, a former head-master, and part of the cost has been defrayed by old pupils.

The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland was opened in Edinburgh on May 24 by the Earl of Hopetoun, the Queen's Lord High Commissioner, who held the official levée at Holyrood Palace, and drove in procession to St. Giles's Church. At the assembly the Rev. Dr. Gray was elected moderator. The Earl of Hopetoun assured the assembly of her Majesty's firm determination to maintain the Presbyterian form of church government in Scotland.—His Lordship has been presented with the freedom of Edinburgh.

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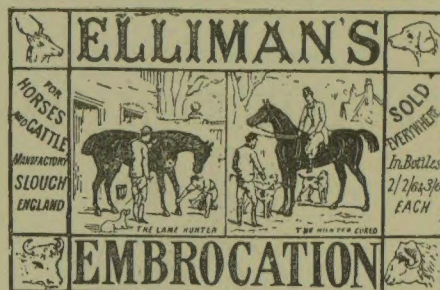
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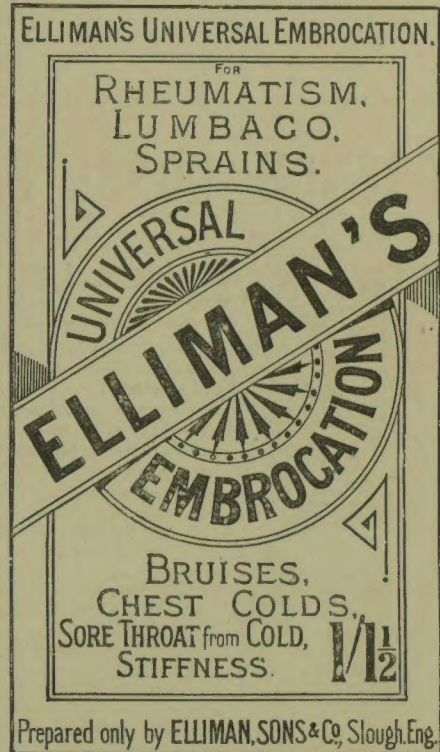


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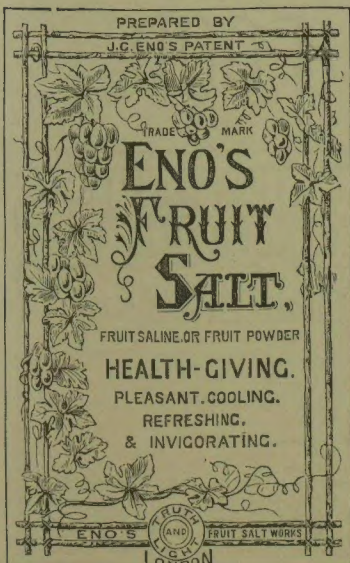


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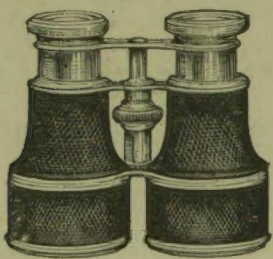
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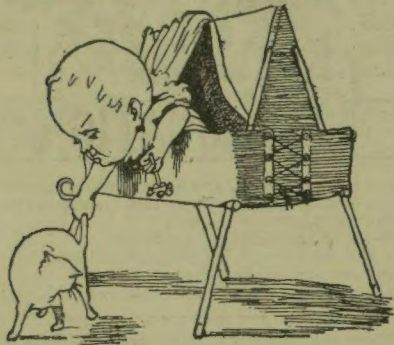
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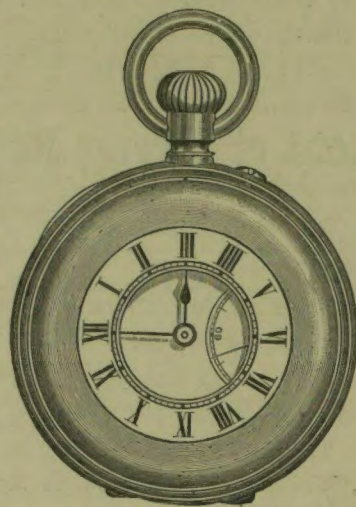
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